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the 1990s, the incidence of *S. flexneri* has increased in the United Kingdom [10]. In the United States, *S. flexneri* has been reported as the most common serotype in children with acute bacterial dysentery [11].

There is a paucity of data on the epidemiology of *S. flexneri* in the United Kingdom. In the 1970s, *S. flexneri* was reported as the most common serotype in children with acute bacterial dysentery in the United Kingdom [12]. In the 1980s, *S. flexneri* was reported as the most common serotype in children with acute bacterial dysentery in the United Kingdom [13]. In the 1990s, *S. flexneri* was reported as the most common serotype in children with acute bacterial dysentery in the United Kingdom [14].

The purpose of this study was to determine the prevalence of *S. flexneri* in children with acute bacterial dysentery in the United Kingdom. The study was conducted in the United Kingdom, where *S. flexneri* is the most common serotype in children with acute bacterial dysentery. The study was conducted in the United Kingdom, where *S. flexneri* is the most common serotype in children with acute bacterial dysentery. The study was conducted in the United Kingdom, where *S. flexneri* is the most common serotype in children with acute bacterial dysentery.

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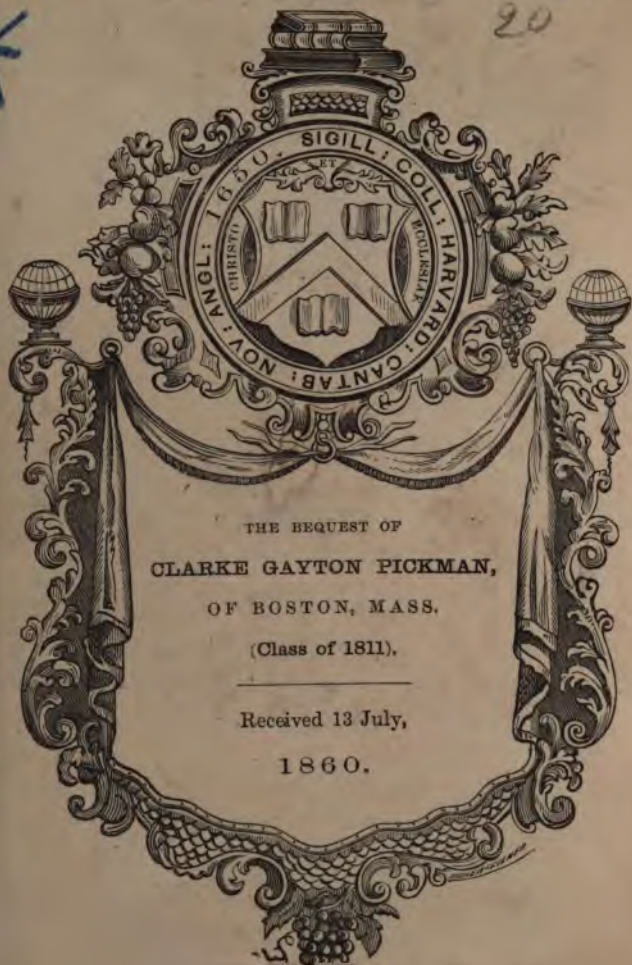
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So much of the *DIARY* of
LADY WILLOUGHBY
as relates to her *Domestic History*,
& to the Eventful Period of the
Reign of CHARLES
the First.

By Hannah Mary Rathbone.

v.
Printed for LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN,
& LONGMANS, *Paternoster Row*, over
against *Warwick Lane*, in the
City of London.
1845.

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1860. July 13

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TO THE READER.

THE style of Printing and general appearance of this Volume have been adopted by the Publishers merely to be in accordance with the design of the Author, who in this Work personates a lady of the seventeenth Century.





Some Passages from the
Diary of Lady
Willoughby.

1635.



Rose at my usual houre, six
of the clock, for the first
time since the Birth of my
little *Sonne*; opened the Casement,
and look'd forth upon the Park; a
herd of Deer pass'd bye, leaving the
traces of their Footsteps in the dewy
Graffe. The Birds sang, and the Aire
was sweet with the Scent of the
Wood-binde and the fresh Birch
Leaves. Took down my *Bible*; found
the

1635.

May 12,
Tuesday.

BRAND. DEC 4 1911

D



So much of the *DIARY* of
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1845.

1635.

as the Friend and Lover of Sir *Philip Sydney*, whose early Death was mourned by all *England*; and whose like may not againe be look'd upon. He left directions their friendship should be recorded on his Tomb, as may be seene in *Warwick Church*:
Fulke GREVILLE *Servant to Queen Elizabeth Counsellor to King James and Friend to Sir PHILIP SYDNEY.*

May 25,
Monday.

Most unhappy in mind this day; temper sorely tried, and feelings of resentment at what did appeare unkind conduct in another, were too visibly expressed in manner and countenance, though I did refraine from words.

May 26,
Tuesday.

Slept last night in very Wearinesse of Weeping; and awaken'd this morning with a feeling of Hopelesnesse; and ill at ease mysele, methought
every

7 Thing around seemed melan-
ly; Truth and Affection doubted,
comings hardly judged of; this
unlook'd for triall. The Sun
brightly through the open Win-
, but it seem'd not to shine for

I took my *Bible* to read therein
suall Portion; and kneel'd down
ay, but could only weep: thoughts
y *Mother's* tender love arose, and
Trust on either side that had been
oken between us. Remember-
an outward Composure must be
n'd unto, before I could go down
reakfast, washed my eyes, and let
fresh aire blow upon my face;
I was a poore dissembler, having
heretofore but little trouble of
t to conceal: mett my *Husband*
he *Corridor* with Lord *Brooke*,
well nigh lost my Selfe-command
n he gave a kindly pressure of my
d as he led me down stairs. This
Evening

1635.

Evening how different does all appear; and though this and some other late Experiences occasion me to perceive that Life is not so calm a Sea as it once did seeme in my ignorance of humane Nature; slight Breezes may ruffle it, and unseene Rocks may give a Shock to the little Shipp: haply the Mariner will learn to steer his course, and not feare Shipwreck from every accident.

June 4,
Thursday.

My deare *Mother* arrived at Noon; she was fatigued, and retired to her Chamber, first coming with me to the Nurfery to see her *Grandson*; he was awake, and smiling; she took him in her arms and look'd fondly on him. It is a sweet Child, my *Daughter*: may the *Lord* have you both in his safe Keeping now and evermore. My *Mother's* Blessing from her own Lips, how precious. She much commends
my

1635.

my nurſing him ; and would not for my own ſake I ſhould loſe ſo great ſatisfaction. I attended her to her Room, where *Mabel* was in waiting : deare kind old *Mabel*, I was well pleaſed to ſee her, and kiſſ'd her as I was wont when a Girl ; and ſo did ſpoile a moſt reſpectfull curteſie to my Ladyſhip. Deare *Mother* look'd round the Room pleaſed therewith ; and with ſuch ſmall Comforts as I had been enabled to provide, which ſhe hath at home. This Day hath been one of much Happineſſe : Returned heart-felt Thanks to *God* for his loving Kindneſſe and tender Mercy ; read the 23rd *Pſalm* : my Cup doth indeed run over.

The Houſe full of Company ſince the Chriſtening ; and I have felt too weary at Night to do more than collect my Thoughts for Devotion. To-day

1635.

day many have left; and my *Husband* doth purpose to begin his Journey to-morrow. My *Mother* with me, he leaveth Home with more ease of Mind.

June 19,
Friday.

My deare *Lord* fet forth at a little past fix, with only one Serving-man, who had a led Horfe and one to carry the baggage. After they had rode some way, they stopp'd, and my *Lord* dismounted, and taking a short cut thro' the Park, came up to the Window where I had remain'd to watch his Departure: he bade me call the *Steward*, gave him some directions; then telling me to keep up a good heart, took another tender Leave, and followed by *Armstrong*, returned to the spot where were the Horses; and he mounting the led Horfe, they were soon out of sight. Old *Britton* seemed to understand he
was

Lady Willoughby.

I I

was not to follow his Master, and came and reared himselfe up to the Window, resting his Fore-paws on the stone : I patted his broad Head, and questioned not that he felt as I did, that his best Friend was gone : tooke a few turns with him on the *Terrace* ; the Mist cleared off the distant Woods and Fields, and I plainly discern'd the Towers of *Framlingham Castle*, and could heare the pleasant found of the Scythe cutting through the thick Grasse in the fields nearest, and the Cuckoo, as she fled slowly from hedge to hedge.

1635.

Have been greatly fatigued the past Day or two : it is a serious Charge to be left head over so large a Household, but it availeth not to be over carefull. *John Armstrong* knoweth his Lord's Pleasure in most things, and is honest and faithfull : and the
Chaplain

June 27,
Saturday.

1635.

Chaplain will keep some oversight ; and his Counsel in Difficulties, should such arise, may be depended on, though he hath not *John's* Experience in the Family and its Requirements. My Room last night look'd lonely ; and *Baby* sleeping somewhat uneasily, I sent for *Nurse*, who stay'd till we were comfortably asleep. I think to have a Truckle Bed made up for her ; the Room is spacious. Read to-night in *St. John*, chapter 5, and the 93d *Psalms*.

July 5,
Sunday.

Feare at times that my Mind is too much busied with the cares of this World ; find I shorten the time which I had appointed to Retirement and Self-examination, yet is this latter Exercise much needed : outwardly I may appear striving to perform my daily Duties well and circumspectly, but others know not the secret Faults
of

of the Heart ; the indolence, the imperfect Soul-lesse performances of Religious Duties : the obtruding of Selfish motives into what may seeme acts of Kindnesse or Charity. Often doth the verse of the 51st *Psalm* come to my remembrance, *Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight.* And now that I am a Mother it behoveth me still more to maintaine the Worke of inward Self-discipline. Even at my little Child's tender age, he is sensibly affected by the Feelings apparent in the Faces of those around him : yesterday it happened as I nursed him, that being vexed by some trifling matters that were not done as I had desired, the disturbed Expression of my Countenance so distressed him that he uttered a complaining Cry ; made happy by a smile and the more serene aspect that affection called forth,

1635.

forth, he nestled his little Face again in my Bosom, and did soon fall asleep. It doth seeme a trifling thing to note, but it teacheth the Necessity of Watchfulness; and if this Duty is especially called for in our Conduct towards the Young, or indeed towards all, is it not more so when we consider there is One who seeth the Heart, and whose eye will not behold iniquity?

July 7,
Tuesday.

Quiet Day, sitting the greater part thereof at my Embroidery; my *Mother* beside me knitting. We had much pleasant Converse: she encouraged me to persevere in the diligent performance of daily Duties whatsoever they may be; a good Wife, she sayd, should make it her chief desire to keep a well-order'd Family. My want of Experience, she kindly added, makes some things irksome and perplexing,

1635.

plexing, which will cease to be the case after a while, when lesse time will suffice for their performance, and more opportunity afforded for rest of Body and Mind. She bade me not be cast down, or be discouraged by some mischances; and so comforted me. In the evening we paced for some time up and down the *Terrace*. The Moon arose above the old Oak Tree: my *Mother* seemed greatly to enjoy the Scene. I repeated aloud the 19th and part of the 92d *Psalmes*; and we entered the house: she looked chill, and I hastened to warm her some spiced Wine, which I took with a manchet of Bread for her Supper. As I gave Baby his last Meal for the night, my Heart was lifted up in Gratitude for the Mercy extended to me: he looked beautifull, & put his soft Hand to my Face caressingly, his eyes full of Contentment and Affec-
tion

1635.

tion looking into mine : May it ever be present with me, that this small delicate Frame is the earthly Tabernacle of a Soul to be trained for Immortality.

July 15,
Wednesday.

Busy in the *Still-room* this forenoon : put the dried Rose-leaves in paper bags. *Alice* was picking the Rosemary, and I sat down to help her. She says the under House-maid complains of ill treatment, particulars not worth writing of ; her pretty Face gains too much of the good-will of the Men and the ill-will of the women : mentioned the Matter to the *Chaplain*, who saith he will add a few words of fuitable exhortation at the conclusion of *Evening Service*. Bade *Alice* take heed there should be a good store of Chamomile-flowers and Poppy-heads, and of Mint water ; our poore Neighbours look to us for
such :

Lady Willoughby.

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fuch : gave her my *Mother's* recipe for *Hungary* Water and the Conserve of Hips.

1635.

John took the Yarn to the Weaver's, and brought back Flax, Spices, and Sugar. The Stage Waggon had not arrived when he left *Ipswich*, and there was no package from *London*. My *Lord* was to send Hangings for the large *Drawing Room* ; but it matters not.

A Day of many small Vexations, no sooner one mended than another appeareth : wearied Body and Mind, and yet I would humbly trust my Spirit was more quiet under the same than sometimes hath beene the case : no Letter or Message from my *Husband*.

July 18,
Saturday.

Tried to collect my thoughts for Reading and Devotion, once strongly tempted to omit both, under the plea
of

1635.

of Wearinesse and Unfitnesse, but resisted : read the 10th chapter of *St. Luke, Martha, Martha, &c.* : acknowledged and bewailed my Weaknesse. The sight of the young Face in the Cradle sent me to bed gratefull and happy.

August 3,
Monday.

The last day of my *Mother's* Sojourn : to-morrow she setteth forth into *Rutlandshire* ; and there will remaine some Weeks before she returns to *Wimbledon*. My Lord *Noel* hath engaged to meet her at *Huntingdon*. May I be sensible of the great Comfort and Happinesse in that I have been favoured to have my deare *Mother* so long with me : many sweet seasons of quiet Meditation, and affectionate Intercourse have been vouchsafed : Words expressive of her owne humble and stedfast Faith, of Thanksgiving and Praise, fell from her Lippen; and

and precious Counsell and kind Incouragement to me : to-night as I knelt before her, my Infant in my Arms, she laid her Hand upon my Head, and stroking it fondly said : Deare Child, may that little one be a Crown of rejoycing to thee as thou art to me ; lead him early to *God*, my Daughter ; to the *God* who has given him unto thee. Deare *Mother* !

1635.

Early in the fore-noon my honoured and deare *Mother* took her Departure : Let me think more of meeting againe than of the present payne of Parting. Some lines of *Ben Jonson* I do remember are swetely written to this effecte, they were given me by a young Friend at parting, who I beleeve was lesse indifferent towards me, than I to him :

August 4,
Tuesday.

That

1635.

*That Love's a bitter sweet I ne'er conceive
 Till the fower Minute comes of taking leave,
 And then I taste it : But as Men drinke
 up
 In hast the bottom of a medicin'd Cup,
 And take some firrup after, soe do I
 To put all relish from my Memorie
 Of parting, drowne it in the hope to meet
 Shortly againe ; and make our Absence
 sweet.*

Beloved Mother, the losse of her
 presence maketh my home lonely :
 but I have Work to doe, and ill should
 I shew my Love for her, if it remaine
 neglected.

Aug. 17,
 Monday.

Rosebefore six : sought the Blessing
 of the Lord upon my daily Path ;
 read the 51 chap. *Isaiah*, and 2d. St.
Luke.

Luke. Baby well : *John Armstrong* requested to see me concerning the Harveſt-fupper. My *Lord* ſtill abſent putteth me to much Trouble : the Harveſt is nearly got in, only the Home-field remaines to be carted : *Armſtrong* will take care enough as to the Supper ; but the People will be diſappointed unleſſe I can prevail on *William Willoughby* to take his Brother's Place ; hee ſtands high in favour with our Neighbours, and the ſame with our owne People ; and if he could bring with him his young Kinsfolk, wee ſhould not faile of Merriment.

Walked down to the Keeper's Lodge : Old *Bridget* ſuffers from the rheumatickes ; bid her ſend to the *Hall* for a Plaifter and ſome Flannel : did my endeavours to perſuade her that the ſame would bee of greater ſervice than the Charm given her by
Dame

1635.

1635.

Dame *Stitchley* ; though as she would not consent to leave it off, doubtlesse it will gaine all the credit, should *Bridget's* aches and paynes seem to amend. As I returned saw Horsemen coming up the *Avenue*, made such haste as I could : Tydings of my deare *Lord* ; but hee knows not when he can sett his face Home-wards ; desireth mee to write by these Messengers : they did stay only to rest their Horses. He speaks much in his Letter of a Painter named *Vandyck*, who stands in great Favour at Court. The *King*, the *Princes*, and the *Princesse Mary* have sat to him : The Ladies crowd to his Painting-room desirous to see themselves perpetuated by his gracefull Pencil.

Aug. 27,
Tburfday.

The *Steward* from *Stixwood*-manor hath arrived : my *Lord* is much wanted to visit his Estates in *Lincolnshire* ;

shire ; and Mr. *Legh* has businesse of various sorts to settle before *Michaelmas-day* : but by none is he so greatly desired as by his faithfull and loving Wife. My Inexperience makes the present Charge burthenfome, and I ever fear doing wrong, or omitting that which should bee attended to.

1635.

Baby grows finely, and sheweth already a masterfull Spirit ; he provides Work for my Needle, now the time is come that he should bee short-coated.

Arose this Morning rejoycing in the hope that before the day closed my dearest *Lord* would be safely returned : the Day seemed long, but I had at last the comfort of seeing him who is possessor of my Heart's truest Affection arrive in health. He thought little *Billy* much improved : how
happy

Aug. 29,
Saturday.

1635.

happy were we in our quiet Home :
surely the *lines have fallen to me in
pleasant Places.*

Nov. 24,
Tuesday.

The heavy Raine of late hath made
much sicknesse to abound. Through
mercy our Family are preserved in
Health ; and *Baby* has cut a Tooth,
discovered this morning by the spoon
knocking against it.

One *Thomas Parr* is dead at a won-
derfull greate age, being, it is said 150
yeares old. The Earle of *Arundell* had
him brought to *Whitehall*, and the
change did shortly affect his Health :
no marvel, poore old Man, he would
have beene better pleased, methinks,
to have beene lett alone.



1635-6.

1635-6.



He *Hollanders* have sent an Embassy and a noble Present on the occasion of the *Queene* having another Daughter : there are rare pieces of China and Paintings, one by *Tytian*.

January.

There is talk of a By-poste from *Wickham*, to join the North Poste, which is expected to run night and day betweene *Edinburgh* and *London*, to go thither and come back againe in fix days : Men and Horses will scarce be found to doe this.

Young Mr. *Gage* is put into the *Bastille*. The Earle of *Leycester* hath kindly

Feb. 23,
Tuesday.

1636.

kindly written to his Mother; he being Ambassador at this time she did apply to him for help in this troublous Affaire.

June 6,
Monday.

Baby walked a few steppes alone, and did seem greatly pleased thereat, as were his Parents.

These Lines repeated by one at supper-time, who hath met with divers Mischances in his life :

*The Fortunate have whole Yeares,
And those they chose :
But the Unfortunate have onely Dayes,
And those they lose.*

Sept. 2,
Friday.

At Dinner near twenty People; some remain till next week; young *Harry Vane*, the Lord *Brooke*, and others. My *Husband* brought me a Muff, and a Fan of Ostrichfeathers, and Sir *Philip Sydneys Arcadia*; the latter

latter most suited to my taste ; it is said the *King* dothe hold this Worke in high esteeme.

1636.

In looking back upon the last few dayes, I have to confesse in deep Humiliation of Spirit, that I have beene led away by a foolish vanitie, to take too much Pleasure in the Admiration of others, unworthy the Dignity of a Wife or a Mother : truly it is sayd *the Heart is deceitfull above all things, and desperately wicked.* For such share of Comelineffe as the *Creator's* Hand hath bestowed upon me, I would not that I should find therein food for Pride, or Selfe-satisfaction, beyond that it had found Favour in my *Lord's* Eyes, he who hath taken me to his Heart's true and pure Affection. I am his in all true Loyalty of Affection, and he doubteth not my Heart's Purity ; but methought a shade of
Regret

Sept. 6,
Tuesday.

1636.

Regret pass'd over his noble Countenance, as he beheld the Wife whom hee delighted to love and to honour, so carried away by trifling and vanitie. And lett me not, in this Self-examination and searching of my inmost Heart, seek to hide from my selfe that when he bade me *good night* at the Doore of my Closet, instead of lingering at my side, as is his wont, a feeling of Resentment arose, and as I enter'd and closed the Doore, thoughts of Self-justification presented themselves : but Conscience prevailed, and placed my Conduct in its true light : Selfe-reproach is hard to beare ; not long since, and I did think no Trial as regards others soe great as to meet with Injustice, but to be the cause of grieving another's Affection, and to feel lower'd in the Esteeme of one who hath beene ever readye to think more highly of me than I deserve ;
this

this is grievous to mee, and maketh me seeme hateful in my owne eyes. I humbled myselfe before the *Lord*, and pray'd that I might become more watchfull, and strive daily to follow the Example of *Him* who was meeke and lowly of Hearte.

Beloved *Husband*, thy generous Love will forgive thy poore humbled Wife, who does in truth love thee, and reverence thy goodnesse.

Let me not permit the Circumstances of the last few days to passe from my Remembrance untill the Fault committed, and the Sorrow arising therefrom, have duly impress'd my Mind : 1st, In the clearer insight into this weake point of my Character, may I henceforth take more heed to my Ways : and 2^{ndly}, with the Perception of how slight are the beginnings of Evill, as my deare *Mother* faith,

1636.

Sept. 8,
Thursday.

1636.

faith, if the Desire of Praise take possession of the Hearte, it becometh insatiable, and doth eat away the root of all noble and generous Feeling; and even in lesse degree gives a feverish restlesnesse, that leaves not the Mind and affections free to spring up in strength and beauty, seeking onely the Happinesse of others. My deare *Husband's* Gentlenesse hath greatly endeared him to mee: may it be my constant Endeavour, by all dutifull Affection, to render myselfe more worthy his Esteeme and Love.

Sept. 17,
Saturday.

After having pass'd a week in *Lincolnshire* wee are return'd Home. When at *Lincoln* my *Lord* tooke me to the *Cathedral*, and show'd mee the Tomb of his late Father, who died in that Citie in the yeare 1617. After him our little *Sonne* is named *William*: *Nurse* says *Baby* has not bene well for

Lady Willoughby.

31

for some days \past, she thinks he is about his teeth.

1636.

Baby ill, restless and feverish, sent off a Messenger to *Ipswich* for the Phisitian there.

My poore Child worse ; he takes scarce any nourishment, and suffers greate paine ; he looks up so piteously as if for help from those around him. The *Chaplain* mentioned him by name at Prayers : this startled me : seeing others beleve him so ill, my feares encrease.

No better to-day : I dare not think : Strength and Spirit needed to the utmost ; for he likes no one so well to nurse him, and hath ever a sweet Smile when I come againe after a short absence. Oh *God*, spare him to me : give mee not this bitter cup.

Weeks

Sept. 21,
Wednesday.

1636.

Weeks have pass'd and I am child-
lesse : yett doe I seeme as one not
awaken'd from a frightfull dream.
My Child, my Child.

Oct. 23,
Sunday.

The Fever hath left me weak : I
dare not looke back, and there is no-
thing now left me to looke forward
to. O *Mother*, my Heart is well
nigh broken ; how is it that I live ?
shall I ever be able to say, It is the
Lord, lett him doe what seemeth unto
him good. I thought to write downe
some particulars of the Patience and
Sweetnesse, the Smile of Recogni-
tion when the parch'd Lipps could
not speake, but I cannot : he is out
of payne, and I thank *God* for that.

Oct. 25,
Tuesday.

Sat this morning for long with the
Bible before me, thoughts too dif-
tracted to read ; at last turn'd to the
History

History of the *Shunamite* woman ;
Alas ! no Prophet was here to give
me back my *Sonne*, and, alas ! neither
could I say unto the *Lord*, *It is well*,
when he tooke from me his precious
Gift. Beare with me, O mercifull
Father : thou knowest the anguish of
my Heart, and thou alone canst enable
me to say *Thy will, not mine, be done*.

1636.

My deare *Mother* writes to com-
fort me, but a sorrow is now mine,
in which even she cannot give Com-
fort : She urgeth me to take care of
my health for the sake of others : but
what is Life to me now ? Yet will
I try to beare in minde her Injun-
ctions, though with a heavy Heart,
and with more than indifference to
the Prospect before me. I turn away
from the thought of looking upon
another Infant's face ; all love for a
Child is in the Grave : yet not in the
Grave ; it liveth in Heaven, my pre-
cious

1636.

cious *Child*, with thy blessed Spirit : let me not speak in bitterneſſe of a triall ſent me by the Almighty Hand.

Oct. 26,
Wednesday.

Oft times I ſeeme to have no power of giving my Mind to Prayer or Meditation, but walke about the houſe, or ſitt downe with a Booke or Needlework before me almoſt without conſciouſneſſe & well-nigh without life. What doe all paſt Trialls & Vexations appeare, now a burthen of Sorrow is layd upon me, I am unable to beare ? I had known Grief and Diſappointment, and already in my ſhort experience of life had learnt that this State of Exiſtence is onely a Preparation for Happineſſe hereafter, not Happineſſe itſelfe : But a precious *Gift* came from Heaven, my beautifull *Child* ſmil'd on me ; I held it to my Heart, and did think
it

it was my owne : What greate evil
have I done in thy fight, O *God*, that
thou hast thus stricken me ?

1636.

At Prayers my *Lord* was sensibly
affected by hearing the words *Suffer*
little Children to come unto me, and
forbid them not : for of such is the
Kingdome of Heaven : the beholding
him thus over-come by strong emo-
tion led me to consider my owne
Conduct, and I do feare me, I have
beene very selfish in the Indulgence
of my own Sorrow, too regardlesse
of him who equally with me hath
lost the deare *Sonne* of his Love, and
who doth ever strive to strengthen
and support me, and would fain lead
me to take an Interest in our family
Concerns, and in the Wellfare of our
Neighbours, albeit Grief lieth heavy
on his Heart. I felt another Reproof
in his Looke of tenderneffe and com-
miseration,

Oct. 27,
Thursday.

1636.

miseration, as at our mid-day meal I sent away the plate the food untasted: I roused my selfe to exertion, and was repay'd the effort when his Eye rested on me approvingly. The Servants left the room, he took my Arm within his, and we walked to & fro in sweet and solemn Silence: my Heart, which had been strangely shut up, melted within me, when he utter'd a few gentle Words; and I felt there was yet something left to live for: Surely to him was due the poore remaining Powers of my Mind and Affections.

Oct. 29,
Saturday.

Arose this morning with mind more composed than for some time past. *Cicely's* Mother ill, and I went down to see her: She is a bright Example of Patience, her Trialls and Sufferings have beene manifold, bodily pain the least, has lost three Children in infancy and one daughter grown

grown up : and yet, can it be, has
known still deeper sorrow.

1636.

Return'd through the *Park*: never
saw the Chestnuts and Beeches more
beautiful in their autumn tints, the
fallen Leaves crushed pleasantly be-
neath my Feet, the Sun was setting
before I was aware, and the Aire
grew suddenly chill. Taking the
nearest way, I entered the house by
a side door, and there beneath the old
Mulberry saw the little Cart and
Whip as they had beene left by my
poore Child the last day he was out,
when he look'd so tired, and I carried
him in. I stooped and took up the
Whip, and hiding it beneath my
cloke, went straight up stairs : no
Hand had touched it since his : the
teares I wept over it did me good :
it seemed my innocent right to weep
over this Token of my *lost one*.

Health

1636.

Nov. 14,

Monday.

Health and strength mend : make a point of walking in the *Long Gallery* whensoever the weather admits not of my going out : while so employed repeat Psalms and other Portions of *Holy Writ*, therein finding profitable Subjects of Meditation and peaceful Thoughts : Often has been brought to my Mind the Text *I was brought low, and he helped me* : now is my deare *Mother's* Care repaid, in the Help I find it to have by me such recollection of the Lessons she taught.

Nov. 15,

Tuesday.

My early Habits in the morning have been sadly interrupted : frequent restless nights, often sleepless for hours together, and awakening languid and ill at ease ; often in the long nights my Fancy is disquieted in looking forward to again becoming a Mother, and that ere long, least haply the Infant nourished beneath a heart
so

so saddened by Grief, should, if permitted to enter on existence, be deprived of that Joyfullnesse of nature which is the Birth-right of the young Spirit; but whatever may be in the Ordering of my *Heavenly Father*, let me submit: too often have I rebelled against his just Appointments. In the words of the *Psalmist* let me pray, *Enter not into judgement with thy Servant, O Lord, my Spirit is overwhelmed within me, my Heart within me is desolate: hide not thy Face from me: in thee do I trust.*

1636.

Once



1636-7.

1636-7.

January 12,
Thursday.

Nce more with a gratefull Heart, doe I record the Mercy of our *Heavenly Father*, in that he hath permitted his unworthy Servant to live to behold the face of another *Little One*. Yet now must I rejoyce with trembling over a Being so fraile: the fulnesse and brightnesse of joy of a young Mother can never againe be my Experience, since that joy has bene the Source of a Suffering and Agony never to be forgotten. Death follow'd into the Habitation wherein Life had just tooke up its abode. Not in short space of time can the
Heart

1636-7.

Heartrecover such Dispensations, and in the Excellency of no after joys can it ever forget the stroke that first destroyed its sweetest Hopes : Death once scene at our hearth leaveth a Shaddow which abideth there for ever. During the long period of Sicknesse that has beene my portion, I have endeavour'd through the *Divine Grace*, profitably to employ the solitary Houres, and doe now see much Mercy in the return to Health being graduall. The needfull Quiett led me to seek a Spirituall Communion, whereby I humbly hope I am the better fitted for the Performance of the severall Duties of Life, trusting not in my owne Strength, that truly would be a broken reed. *Lord! thy rod and thy staff they comfort me : yea, even the rod, though it hath smitten me to the earth.*

The

1636-7.
January 13,
Friday.

The *Chriftening* is to be next weeke: the name, after some difficulty in deciding thereon, fixed to be *Diana*. But few of our Relations are asked this time to be present; to both of us the ceremony will give rise to melancholly thought. Overheard *Nurse* telling one of the Women that at the former *Chriftening* the Infant cried not: there is a Country Saying, that a Child which crieth not when sprinkled in *Baptism* will not live.

1637.
May Day.

We walked down to the *Village* at an early houre, just in time to see the Proceffion of the May-pole, which was adorned with Ribbons and Garlands: Lads and Lasses were at their merry Games, the Queene, in her holie-day Finery and Crowne of floures, looking happier than the Wearer of a real Crown, I ween: groups of Old People looking on: for

1637.

for a while there was a lack of Young Men and Maidens : but a number fhortly appeared as *Robin Hood, Maid Marien, &c.* Methought fome of the Elder Folks look'd grave, and at one fide of the Green a ftern looking Man, drefsd in a loofe Coat, and a high crown'd hat, with the hair cut clofe, had collected a good many round him, and was holding forth in a loud harfh tone. My *Husband* left me, and went towards them : after liftening a few minutes to the Difcourfe, he made as though he would fpeak ; but mett with difcourteous reception, and return'd with a fmile on his face, faying, The Speaker look'd on his long curl'd Locks, and lace Ruffs with too great Abhorrence to think him worthy his Notice, and onely went on with the more Bitterneffe to fet forth the diabolical Wickedneffe of the Dance
and

1637.

and the Vanity of all such Amusements. I fate mee down by old *Bridget*, who had hobbled down in spite of her reumaticke paynes: poore *Smythe* too had crept out, wan and feeble from ague. After a while, the sport seeming to flag, my *Lord* offer'd to head a party at *Prison-bars*, and was cordially greeted, and *William Willoughby* coming up with a Sonne of Sir *Robert Crane* and one or two more young Men, the game was fett on with great spiritt. Ale and Victuals came down from the *Hall* and other *Quarters*, and I left the *Greene*. There was no Want of Merriment the rest of the day: and the Preacher and his Party remained not long to interfere with the usuall Proceedings.

June 1,
Thursday.

The deare Child thrives apace:
again and againe I looke at her in the
Cradle

Cradle & fay, *Lord, spare this one unto me.* I have thought myfelfe resigned to my Loffe; howbeit, a Weight is on my Spiritt that no Effort or Time has yet fhaken off: will it be ever thus? Young as I am, is Hope fo blighted that it will never more unfold its faire Bloffom? Let me not indulge thefe Meditations: but be willing to take up my *Croffe* dayly, and follow after *Chrift*. He hath promifed to make the Burthen light to fuch as come to him.

1637.

Hope that I have latterly made fome Progreffe in the fubduing Selfe, fo far as attaining unto a greater De-fire to give up my own will to that of others, and conform to their pleasure; more efpecially his who hath rightfull Claim to my dutifull Obedience and Companionship in thofe matters that interest him: herein onely

June 27,
Tuesday.

1637.

only can true Satisfaction be found in wedded Life: may I every day more and more seeke to find Satisfaction and Pleasure in those Things wherein he is concerned. At noon to-day we walk'd down to the Sheep-Shearing: the poor Sheep struggle at the first against their fate, but how quietly do they submit in the end: the Lambs did keep up a continued Bleating; it is a marvell how they find out their owne Mothers, who come back to them so changed. One large Ram butted with such force against one of the younger Lads that he push'd him into the Water: much laughter thereat, and many a passing Joke we heard on his overthrow. On our way home two curley-headed Children presented us with Posies of Gilliflowers and Cowslip tufts, of which they had their aprons full: bade them go up to the *Hall* with them:

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them : we gave them a Silver Groat, which they look'd at with some perplexity, but curtsied & thank'd us with trustfull Countenances : the youngest one, strong made and active, look'd not much older than our sweet Child might have now bene, had he lived.

1637.

Late in the day Mr. *Gage* rode up : he tells us Mr. *John Hampden* hath refused the late demand for Ship-money : Discontent encreasing every where. The proceedings of the *Starre Chamber* against *Prynne* and others have roused the whole country, even many who before tooke not part with the Malcontents doe now expresse their Abhorrence of this Tyranny. My *Husband* will go to *London* straightway.

July 19,
Wednesday.

With a heavy heart saw my deare
Lord

July 24,
Monday.

1637.

Lord depart this forenoon: *Armstrong* accompanying him as farr as *Ipswich*: Struggled against desponding Thoughts, and pass'd some time in the *Nursery*, to give myselfe Occupation of Mind as well as Hands. After a Walk on the *Terrace*, went to *Alice's* Room: she hath long beene ailing: sate some while with her, to cheer her, as I knew she would take to heart this voyage to *London*, which Place, in her eyes, doth abound with all manner of Wickednesse and Danger.

July 25,
Tuesday.

To-night *John Armstrong* returned, bearing me a kind Farewell from his Master. He sayth Mr. *John Hampden's* Refusal is greatly talked about: likewise it is rumour'd the Lord *Say* hath refused the Demand for Ship-money with equal pertinaciousnesse. *Armstrong* stopp'd as he pass'd through
Wickham

Wickham at the Blacksmith's, the Head-quarters of News and Country Gossip : he there met with a Packman, who says there be terrible Tumults in the North : at *Edenburgh* the *Bishop* well nigh killed, Stones and other Miſſiles thrown at him in the Pulpit, ſo ſoon as he commenced reading the *Prayer Booke*, as ordered in *Council* : on leaving the Church he was caſt down and nearly trod to death. Some ſay the King is like to go to *Edenburgh* to ſettle theſe matters in perſon with the *Presbytery*.

1637.

Tidings of my *Lord* : he keeps well in health : he ſaith Judgement in Mr. *Hampden's* cauſe is deferred till next Term : two of the Judges are on his ſide.

Aug. 3,
Thursday.

Baby well : have ſome Thoughts of weaning her, my own ſtrength failing :

1637.

ing: but put it off day after day, it is hard to dismiss her from the food and warmth which have been hers by right so long, and break this first Bond of Companionship and mutual Dependence.

Since



1638-9.

1638-9.

Date
wanting.



Ince Judgement hath beene
given againſt Mr. *Hamp-*
den, my deare *Huſband* hath
had divers Conferences with the
Lords *Say* and *Brooke*, reſpecting
their leaving the Country. One Mr.
Oliver Cromwell they ſpeak of, as
much ſtirr'd by the unhappy ſtate of
Affaires, and they have found him to
be a man of ſhrewd Judgement, and
poſſeſſing greate Energy and Deter-
mination.

The *King* at *Yorke*: and has re-
quired the Nobility and Officers to
take an Oath that they do abhorr all
Rebellions, and eſpecially ſuch as do
arife

1639.

arise out of Religion. The Lords *Say* and *Brooke* refusing to take the same, have been dismiss'd to their homes. The *King* proceedeth to *Berwick*, there to meet the *Scotch* Deputies.

Much Discontent that the *King* calleth no *Parliament*.

My



1639-40.

1639-40.



Y first thoughts are due to thee, O *Heavenly Father*, who hast mercifully permitted the past Yeare to close and the present to open upon us, a thankful and happy Family : Graciously accept my imperfect Thanksgiving, and the Adoration of a Heart which I with unfeigned humility anew dedicate to thee. By the Aide of thy *Holy Spirit* lead me every day I live to love thee more worthily and serve thee more acceptably. May I truly repent of my manifold Transgressions, my Pride, my rebellious Spirit which hath too often struggled against the
just

January 1,
Wednesday.

1639-40.

just Appointments of thy Providence: do thou, O *God*, renew a right Spirit within me. Lord, thou hast made mee to be a Mother, O yet spare the sweet *Children* thou hast given unto me: and may I never lose sight of the Duty which is entrusted to me; but so train them that they may be all gathered into thy Fold, at the greate Day of Account. May thy Blessing rest upon them, upon my *Husband*, and on all deare unto us. And to thy fatherly Care, thy Wisdom, and thy Love may we trust all that concerns us, in unshaken Faith, and in the blessed Hope of eternal Life, through *Jesus Christ* our *Lord* and *Saviour*.

Went to the *Nurserie*: little *Fanny* yet asleep. Took *Di* by the hand, and went down to Prayers: she was very quiet and well-behaved, and as she knelt down betweene her Father and

and me, my Mind was brought into a state of much Sweetneſſe and Reſpoſe as the gracious Invitation of the bleſſed *Saviour* to bring our little Children unto him, was brought to my remembrance.

Methought the *Chaplain's* Diſcourſe favour'd ſomewhat of phariſaical gloom and auſterity, and we were therefore in no little perplexity when *Armſtrong* came into the *Hall* after breakfast, to ſay the Domeltics petition'd for a Dance and *Chriſtmaſſe* Games to-night according to old Uſage. We gave our conſent. The *Chaplain* expreſſed his Diſſatisfaction, nevertheleſſe the Evening paſt merrily: a goodly Aſſembly were gather'd together of our Neighbours, and to ſhow our Good-will we look'd on for a while, and my *Lord* led off the firſte Dance with the Bailiff's Daughter: the young Men of our
Party

1640.

Party followed his Example, and chose out the prettiest looking Damfels, my favourite *Cicely* being one of them; and they went down a long Country Dance, well pleased therewith. Old blind *John* and his Son play'd the viol and pipe: Games followed, bob-apple and the like: and *Alice* had taken good care for the Supper. Sounds of Laughing and Singing reach'd us long after we left them.

May 7,
Thursday.

Newes hath reached us that the *King* has dissolved the *Parliament* though so lately mett, he being offended by the *Commons* passing a Resolution that the Discussion and Redresse of Grievances should precede the Vote of Supply. They complained that the interference of the *Lords* was a Violation of their Priviledges. An eloquent Speech by Mr. *Waller*:

<i>Lady Willoughby.</i>	57
<i>Waller</i> : such a House suited not the <i>King</i> .	1640.
<p>My <i>Husband</i> writes me word that Mr. <i>Bellaſtis</i> and Sir <i>John Hotham</i> are ſent to the <i>Tower</i>, onely Offence alleged, their Speeches. The Houſe of the Lord <i>Brooke</i> ſearched for Papers, his Study and Cabinets broken open. A Convocation of Clergy hath bene held, the Canons iſſued by them, ſuch as to throw the whole Nation into a ferment. Writs of Ship-money in greater number than ever, and Bullion ſeized, the property of Merchants, and kept by them in the <i>Tower</i> for Safety.</p>	May 9, <i>Saturday</i> .
<p>No News for ſome days. The Chapter of the Morning greatly impreſſ'd my Mind with the Goodneſſe of <i>God</i> towards his feeble and ignorant Children : the <i>Holy Scriptures</i> do</p>	May 25, <i>Monday</i> .

1640.

do abound with Words of Consolation and Encouragement to the poore and lowly, *the hewers of wood and drawers of water : the meek will he guide in judgement.* Learning and great Ability, blessed be *God*, are not needed to the right Understanding of the Good Tydings of the *Gospel*.

The poore blind Widow pondering in her Heart the Words of *Jesus*, her Memory stored with the Readings of her younger days, her Spirit rich in Love and Faith, findeth the true Bread of Life, and is perhaps more capable of receiving the Enlightening of the *Holy Spirit* in the Study of Divine Truth, than the Learned who trust in their own reason and scholastick attainments. Also in looking for what is *God's Will* concerning them, I oft think the poore simple minded People have a wise Judgement given to them in the
Buſineſſe

Busineſſe of Life. A Viſit to old *Betty's* Cottage ſeldom faileth to give me ſuch Senſe of her truly virtuous and pious Life, as to make me look upon this paterne of Goodneſſe with ſincere deſire to follow the ſame. She hath loſt Huſband and Children, ſave one Son onely who left her years agoe : ſhe knoweth not if he be yet living: and ſhe hath been totally blind more than fifteen yeares. Truly hath Patience here her perfect work.

1640.

The *Mayor* and *Sheriffe* of *London* have beene brought before the *Starre Chamber* for Slackneſſe in Levying the Ship-mony.

May 27,
Wednesday.

Both Children ill the paſt week : through Mercy recovering. Little *Fanny* but juſt ſaved : my onely Experience in a child's illneſſe having beene ſo unhappy, I found it hard to keep

June 17,
Wednesday.

1640.

keep my feares in subjection; yet was it very needfull. What shall I render unto the *Lord* for all his benefits?

Have much comfort in the serious and feeling way in which little *Di* says her Prayers: she is too young to understand much, but the Habit is important, and wee know not at how earlye an age the *Holy Spirit* communeth with the tender Heart of the young. And a Child's Mind stops not at Difficulties as ours does: when told that *God* heareth Prayer from his Throne in Heaven, the belief is entire, and she questioneth not. I verily believe, the Doctrine that we should walk by Faith and not by Sight, is easier to a young Child than to us, whose Affections have become engrafted on earthly Objects, and the first Simplicity of Faith obscured. And surely we should consider it a
sacred

Lady Willoughby.

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sacred Trust given to us, to direct this inborn Trust and ready Belief of the little Child to *Him* who implanted it.

1640.

Nursery prospers : *Di* vastly stronger, and hungry as *Nurse* can desire. *Fanny's* Cheeks too are somewhat more plump and rosy.

June 27,
Saturday.

The young Prince hath beene christen'd Henry, the ceremonie perform'd at Oatlands by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

July 24,
Friday.

The Birth of this my third Baby now living, occasion of renewed Thanksgiving and Praise : though I doubt not duly thankful, yet my deare *Husband* had hoped another Sonne would have beene given him ; and this proving otherwise, hath brought some Disappointment. He would have

Sept. 1,
Tuesday.

1640.

have counted it a greate Happineffe to have seene an Heir to his Title and Estates : but he sayeth not much on the subject, and methought kissed his new-borne *Daughter* with a glad-some Smile upon his Countenance. I had the wish she should be named *Theodofia*, after my deare and honour'd *Mother* : but my *Lord* did so greatly desire that she should be called *Elizabeth*, after mee, I consented thereto, wishing to consult his Pleasure in this, as in all things else in which it can be consulted by any giving up on my parte : though I the more regret that it must be so, seeing that my Uncle *Noel* has not given the Name of *Theodofia* to either of his Daughters.

Sept. 26,
Saturday.

Find my selfe unable to attend much to household Affaires, and leave them to *Alice's* faithfull oversight.

Lord

Lord *Say* writes that a Petition has beene presented to the *King* by twelve *Peers*, praying him to call a *Parliament*; so likewise have the Citizens of *London*.

1640.

Messenger arrived from the Mayor of *Ipswich*: Writts are issued for the 3rd of *November*. It is hoped Mr. *Oliver Cromwell* will be return'd for *Cambridge*. My deare *Husband* hath again departed: he doth hope to return for a few Days at *Christmasse*.

Oct. 20,
Tuesday.

The *King* hath opened *Parliament* in person: they say he look'd pale and dejected. The *Commons* did make Choice in haste of *Lenthall* a Bar-rister for *Speaker*, instead of one *Gardiner*, he being the *King's* Choice. They have pass'd a Resolution that *Prynne*, *Burton*, and Dr. *Bastwick* should be sent for forthwith by War-rant

Nov. 9,
Monday.

1640.

rant of the House. The Table is loaded with Petitions, presented by hundreds crying out *No Bishops: No Starre Chamber.*

Dec. 2,
Wednesday.

On the 28th the three *Puritans*, as they are called, liberated from their distant Dungeons, came up to *London*, and were mett by 5000 Persons.

Dec. 15,
Tuesday.

Heard to-day that the Earle of *Strafford* was committed to the *Tower*. It is sayd he urgently declined appearing in the *House*, but the *King* insisted, making him solemn Assurances of Safety: but he no sooner enter'd the *House* than he was put under Arrest.

Dec. 24,
Thursday.

The determined Measures of the *Commons* fill all People with Amazement. The *Archbishop* of *Canterbury*

bury is accused of High Treason, and committed to the *Usher*: it is sayd he hath beene forced to sell his plate to raise money wherewith to pay the fine of 500 pounds. And a Resolution has been pass'd, that for *Bishops* or other *Clergymen* to be in the Commission of the Peace, or to have any Judicial Powers in the *Starre Chamber*, or in any Civil Courts, is a hindrance to their Spiritual Functions, &c. This seemeth true enough: greate need have all Parties to pray to be preserved from Excesse, or being carried away by the heate of Party Spirit and personal Resentment. The Cruelty and Severity exercised by Archbishop *Laud* in *Scotland*, and the Earl's Tyranny and Wickednesse in *Ireland* have raised them enemies, who wish nothing so much as their Death.

1640.

After



1640-1.

1640-1.



After Prayers this morning my *Lord* beckoned to the Servants to remaine : He commended them for the faithfull performance of their Duties, and expressed his Confidence in their steady Attachment and Services, especially in his absence, which was like to be protracted: They bowed and curtsied; and *Armstrong*, as Spokesman for the rest, sayd, You may depend upon us all, my Lord: our Hearts and our Hands are my Lady's, *God* bleſſe her.

I knew not till to-day that my *Husband's* Return would be more uncertaine than hath often beene the case :

case: it dependeth much upon the Termination of Lord *Strafford's* Tryal: most are of the minde he will be found guilty; & that nothing can then save him, unlesse the *King* prove that he can be true to his promise, when the Life of one whom he hath ever profess'd to hold in great Esteeme and Affection, is at stake: but no man trusts the *King*. The better ground of hope for *Strafford*, is the lenient Temper of the good Earl of *Bedford*, and his Influence with the *House*.

In the forenoon accompanied my *Husband* at the Settlement of Accounts with *Armstrong*: and assisted in Copying the different Items into the Booke wherein my *Lord* hath entered for some yeares past the Items of Personal and Family Charges; keeping another for the Accounts of Income, Rents, &c. chiefly from his
Lincolnshire

1640-1.

1640-1.

Lincolnshire Property : this Manor bringing in but little.

This was new Worke to mee ; but I did my best, it seeming desirable I should, so farre as my poore Ability serveth, render myselfe competent to settle Accompts with *Armstrong* every weeke, as is the Practice of my *Lord* when he is at Home : and likewise he wisheth mee to be acquainted with our Resources. He had wonderfull Patience with my Ignorance, and did kindly commend my unskillfull Performance, not suffering me to be discouraged, though I proved more Hindrance than Help. I had had so many Feares both of doing wrong and incurring his Displeasure, that in my Satisfaction I kissed the deare Hand that did with so much ease correct my Errors, gratefull to the kind Heart by which it was guided.

Sir

1640-1.

January 11,
Monday.

Sir *John Hotham* arrived from *Hull* on his way to *London*: and purposing to proceed to-morrow, my deare *Lord* will accompany him. Sir *John* seemeth well disposed. Thought my *Husband* gave much Heed to his Conversation, as he remarked that with twelve Men, Arms, and Provision, he could hold out this House against a considerable Force, and went into the Detail of the Arrangements he would make, if it so chanced it was attacked by an Enemy.

These are fearefull times, let mee be encreasingly vigilant; and whatsoever happeneth, be faithfull to the Duties of my present Station, Wife and Mother; and a large Household, the Charge whereof is much left to mee: sufficient Care for one of but little Experience, and with Health not so good as might be wished.

Read

1640-1.

January 12,
Tuesday.

Read in *Isaiah* chapter 26, these Words of Comfort: *Thou keepest him in perfect Peace whose Mind is stayed upon Thee, because he trusteth in Thee*: May I attaine unto this trust, need have I of better Strength than my own at this Time when my dearest *Life* may be in circumstances of Danger; at a Time like this, who is safe? the *King* ever playing false with the *Commons*, and disregarding their Privileges, & the *House* now sitting in Judgement on his favoured Servant: yet whatsoever Danger may threaten, I would not that my *Husband* should desert his Poste; rather let mee rejoyce that he standeth up in his place to defend the People's Rights. My two Cousins from *Rutlandshire* will beare me company during some Portion of his Absence. What Mercy that our little Ones
are

Lady Willoughby.

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are well, and that I am not left in a childleffe Home.

1640-1.

On Monday the *Archbishop* was removed to the *Tower* from Master *Maxwell's* house where he hath beene allowed to remaine since his commitment: from *Cheapside* to the *Tower* he was followed and railed at by the people, the which he took quietly.

March 6,
Saturday.

Turning back the leaves of this *Diary*, I see many Interruptions, in some Places for Months together, no Notice or Note of any fort. The Period of my deare *Mother's* last Sicknesse is unrecorded: but so deeply engraven on my Memory are the Events of that mournfull Time, that I believe I may without danger of Error therein, commit to Paper some few Particulars. It may be a Satisfaction

March 8,
Monday.

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faction hereafter, that these should not be trusted wholly to Recollection, which may then fail me.

I remember as clearly as if 'twas no longer ago than yesterday, the Day whereon my *Mother* arrived, which did afterwards prove to be the last time it was ever my Happinesse to welcome her under our Roof. The Afternoon was calm and beautiful, and the Sunne low in the West caused the Shadows to fall at length across the Grasse, the Honey-suckle over the Doorway was covered with its pale luscious Flowers, which hung down untill some of the trailing Branches lost themselves in the old Sweet-brier Bush, and the White Rose, my *Mother's* favourite Tree, was arrayed in its faire Blossoms. As we stood looking at these, she did presently arrive. Methought she stepped feebly from her Coach ;
and

and when I gave her such aid as I could, she sayd with a mournfull yet sweet smile, I need a stronger Arme now than thine, my *Daughter*: one equally kind, I do fully believe, she added as she leaned on my *Husband's*. Saddest Thoughts took hold of me, yet did I use my best endeavour to conceal the Feare that struck suddenly on my Heart, that her Tarryance here would not be for long. She looked better when seated in her accustomed Chaire: and her pale Cheek had a delicate colour, which gave me a Hope that her Weaknesse was not so great as at first did appeare, and that the Difficulty in Walking might be from her having sate so long in the Coach, causing a degree of Stiffnesse. Before retiring to her Chamber, she had conversed with much of her usuall Chearfulnesse: wee accompanied her
up

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up the staires one on each side of her : when taking leave for the night, she said to my *Husband*, I feare me I shall be a Burthen to you, Lord *Willoughby*, but not for long : but I meant not your kind Heart would so consider me. I thank you ; thank you both : may God bleſſe you.

For the space of two or three weekes my *Mother's* State did so alternate day by day, the one day seeming to regain the Strength lost the previous one, that I perceived not any great Change in her Appearance, save that her Breathing was somewhat hurried by any exertion more than common. I read to her daily, morning and evening, Portions of the *Scriptures*, her favourite Passages often repeated : of such I might make particular Mention, of the *Psalmes* and the *Gospells*. She did frequently remark thereon with much earnestness and sweetness.

ness. She was able most days to walk out a little: and sometimes, she, being unwilling to disappoint my Desires, would consent to be borne on a Chaire by two of the Men, never failing to thank them with much Kindness of manner, and expressing her concern at giving this Trouble. One fore-noon I did prevail with her to let them carry her a considerable distance from the House, to a sheltered sunny Spot, whereunto we did oft resort formerly to hear the Wood-pigeons which frequented the Firre Trees hereabout. We seated ourselves, and did passe an houre or two very pleasantly: she remarked how mercifully it was ordered, that these Pleasures should remaine to the last Days of Life; that when the Infirmities of Age make the Company of others burthenfome to us, and ourselves a burthen to them, the quiet
Contemplation

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Contemplation of the Workes of *God* affords a simple Pleasure which needeth not aught else than a contented Minde to enjoy: the Singing of Birds, even a single Flower, or a pretty Spot like this, with its bank of Primroses and the Brooke running in there below, and this warm Sunshine, how pleasant are they. They take back the Thoughts to our Youth, which Age doth love to look back upon. She then related to me many Passages of her early Life, wherein was observable the same Love of natural Beauty that doth now minister in so large a measure to her Enjoyment.

The sweet Season of Spring was delightfull to her beyond any other Time of the Yeare: yet in all did she recognize the bountifull Hand of the *Creator*: and most aptly drew from all his Workes those Divine Teachings

Teachings made manifest to the pious and lowly Minde unto whom *Day unto Day uttereth Speech, and Night unto Night sheweth Knowledge*. In the Quietnesse of Contemplation, the still small Voice of *God* findeth a Place in the Heart: she had listened thereunto in the days of her Youth, and in Age she reapeth her Reward: the Yeares draw not nigh unto her when she will say *I have no pleasure in them*. Such were my thoughts, as I beheld her placid Enjoyment, and heard her commend the delicate Beauty of a Flower she held in her Hand, remarking that she look'd upon this Portion of Creation as in a particular manner worthy of our sacred regard, the Flowers of the Field being sanctified by our *Lord* teaching from them Lessons of Faithfulnesse in the Wisdom and Love of our *Heavenly Father*. She asked me if I would

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would repeate the 90th and 91st *Psalmes*, which I did for the most part; she repeated after me the words, *Yet is their Strength Labour and Sorrow*. Three score and ten Yeares I have not seene : and this lengthened Span of Life may not be ordained for me, yet in the latter Days of my Pilgrimage thus farre toward the Grave, the *Lord* hath layd upon me no Burthen which his Love hath not made light and easy to be borne : Sight and Hearing remaine, and the Use of my Limbs so farre as an old woman needeth. Surely Goodnesse and Mercy have followed me all the Days of my Life, and will, I doubt not, to the close : and my evening Sun will, I humbly hope, be permitted to set in brightnesse. She took a Rose-bud which I had gathered, and sayd, This Bud will never open ; but some there are which will unfold
in

in Heaven. She look'd earnestly in my Face : I perceived her meaning, My precious *Child*, mine that is in Heaven, I sayd, and could not refraine from Teares. Calm thyselfe, my *Daughter* : I shall soone meet him, if I am found worthy to be where his pure Spirit is : let me feel as a Link between thy Soul and his. Oh that I may one day meet there all my deare Children : many have been my Bereavements, but Mercy, tender Mercy was in all my Afflictions. We arose, and she was able to walk a good part of the Way towards the House, untill the Servants mett us. Henceforth my *Mother* left the House but seldom, and soone showed herself incapable of this much exertion : her strength diminished daily, and she became scarce able to quit her chamber.

She desired one day to speak with
my

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my *Husband*, and communicated to him her conviction that there remained to her but a short Time to live, and requested him to prepare me for her immediate departure to *Wimbleton*, talking of setting forth the next Day: but it was too late, she was too weake to bear moving: she tooke to her bed, and I thenceforth left her not, save when wanted in the *Nurserie*.

One Night, it was the *Sabbath*, she called us both to her Bed-side, expressed her Happineffe in beholding us so united in the bonds of Affection and Friendship: in a most touching manner addressed my *Husband*, commended me as her chief earthly Treasure to his continued tender Care and Love, and then, the Teares running down her Face, thanked him for the Kindnesse and Gentlenesse he had alwayes shewn to her

her beloved *Daughter*: she pressed our two Hands together, ray'd herself up, and in a low tremulous Tone, slowly utter'd as nearly as I can remember them, these Words:

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Allmighty Father, *behold these my Children: blesse them in each other and in their Children: keepe them in the Path of Righteousnesse: protect them in Danger, comfort them in Affliction, and when they come to passe through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, let their spirit faint not, neither be afraid: but let them lay hold on the Promises of Eternal Life, through Faith in Christ Jesus our Lord and Saviour. Amen.*

She sunk back exhausted, and revived not againe to hold much Inter-course with us. Her Countenance, though at times marked by Suffering, was Calm and Peacefull: her Eyes mostly closed as in Sleep: the
Silvery

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Silvery Hair parted on her Forehead: she lay throughout the remainder of the day without taking notice of any thing: twice or thrice she ask'd for Water to drink, and smil'd affectionately upon all around.

Late in the evening she sayd, Is *Mabel* here: her faithfull Servant approach'd near the Bed. She had taken leave the day before of such of our Domesticks as she knew personally, and now gave Messages of Remembrance to those at *Wimbledon*, not forgetting one or two poore aged Woemen to whom she had beene a good Friend in their old Age of Poverty. Again she became much exhausted, and we thought the faint Breathing must soon cease: but she so remained some houres. About five of the clock in the morning she opened her eyes: the early Sunne shon in at the Casement, which was
at

at the farthest side from the Bed : she appeared conscious of the Day-light, and we could partly distinguish the Words, *Heaven, no Sun, the Glory of God, the light thereof*. She look'd on all that were neare unto her, and we thought she sayd, *Deare Children*. I stoop'd to kisse her : with a last Effort she returned my Embrace ; and as I gently layd her Head on the Pillow, her pure Spirit left its earthly Mansion.

In the stillnesse of this awful Moment, my Mind was impress'd with the Belief that her passing Spirit look'd on her weeping Family with a Love set free from all earthly Feare in the perfect Fruition of Faith, which was become her blessed Experience, knowing that our Sorrow would be but for a Moment compared to the *eternal Weight of Glory*. Dearest *Mother*, may thy precious Example

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Example be ever present with me. I felt it a sore Triall, the House being at this time full of Company, yet believe it might be good for me that there were so many to be cared for. My Sister *Dorothy* was truly kind: *Albinia* was prevented coming: My Lord *Noel* was a true Mourner, a more than common Affection united him in Bonds of Intimacy with his late Sister, and he sought every Opportunity of Converse with me, and pass'd much Time of every Day alone in her favourite Walks: his Daughter *Eleanor* had accompanied him out of *Leicestershire*: before he left us, my deare Uncle had gained the Love and Esteeme of all.

I may here write an Inscription to the Memory of the late Mistresse *Hampden*, which my Lord did copy from her Tomb in the Church at *Great Hampden*, when he was last at
that

that Place, the same appearing to me particularly suited to the Subject of the last pages of this *Diary*, wherein my Pen would faile, were I to attempt to describe her Excellence, or my own great Losse.

To the eternal Memory of the truly Vertuous and Pius *Elizabeth Hampden*, Wife of *John Hampden*, the tender Mother of an happy Offspring in 9 hopefull Children : In her Pilgrimage the Staie and Comfort of her Neighbours, the Love and Glory of a well-ordered Family, the Delight and Happinesse of tender Parents, but a Crowne of Blessings to a Husband : In a Wife, to all an eternal Patern of Goodnesse, and Cause of Joye whilst she was : In her dissolution a Losse unvaluable to each, yet herselfe blest, and they recompensed,

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recompensed, in her Translation from a Tabernacle of Claye and fellowship with Mortalls to a celestiall Mansion and Communion with *Deity*, The 20th Day of *August* 1634. *John Hampden*, her sorrowfull Husband, in perpetuall Testimony of his conjugal Love, hath dedicated this Monument.

My *Mother* in a special manner did walke by Faith. In all Trouble she could say, It is good for me to be afflicted, it is the *Lord*, let him do what seemeth to him good: and in time of Prosperity and Gladnesse she forgot not the Giver of all Mercies, the Song of Thanksgiving and Prayer was in her Heart and on her Lippes: Scrupulous in the exact Performance of all her Duties, she regarded none as too insignificant to be done well: to the Poore she was a kind and bountifull

bountifull Friend ; and as *Hampden* sayth of his Wife, she was a Patern of Goodnesse, and Cause of Joy to all who knew her : and the *Lord* permitted his aged Servant to depart in Peace. Blessed be his Name !

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This Morning arose somewhat earlier than usuall, and felt the Benefit of so doing throughout the day : Mind composed and strengthened. At five of the Clock my Cousins *Anne* and *Margaret* arrived : seem warm-hearted young Women, *Anne* grown into more Comelineffe than she appeared likely to do, two yeares since ; *Margaret* lovely as a bright Morning in May, the calme Truthfulness of her Countenance brings to mind *Spenser's* Verses to the Memory of his beloved Friend,

March 11,
*Thursday.**A sweet*

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*A sweet attractive kind of Grace,
A full Assurance given by Lookes,
Continuall Comfort in a Face
The Lineaments of Gospell Bookes :*

the two last Lines escape my Memory. We fate round the Fire for the most part of the Evening : family News and country Gossip : and *Anne* eager to relate fundry Tales of *Robin Hood*, and marvellous Stories of Witch-craft and Fairie-lore, drawing down upon herselfe the grave Rebuke of the *Chaplainne*, to which she gave little heed. When retired to my Closet, could not forbear contrasting my present State with that of these light-hearted Maidens : I have not seene many more Yeares than these have, and yet such Gaiety of Spirit is mine no more, the Hand of Care presseth heavily on the young Heart, which enters upon the troubled

bled and carefull Path of domestic Life, and upon the Duties which appertaine unto the Mistresse of a Household, before it hath had time to enure itselfe to Hardships and Disappointments, or hath had Experience of its owne Weaknesse or its owne Power: yet I would not repine; a deeper Well-spring of Joy hath beene open'd to me, though its Waters are mingled with Drops of Bitternesse. Some one sayth, our best Blessings are bought with Paine, as our highest Virtue through Sin and Sorrow: this may seeme a Mystery; but *my Thoughts are not your Thoughts, nor my Ways your Ways, saith the Lord.* Raise up and strengthen within me, O mercifull Father that Faith in thy perfect Wisdom and Love as shall enable me to trust in thee to direct my Ways and lead me to obey thy Will as a little child: bleffe

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blesse and protect my *deare Husband*, and keep him in the Way of Truth and Liberty: keep in Health and Safety, O *Lord*, my precious little Ones, and uphold me in the Fulfillment of the several Duties committed to my Charge.

March 24,
Wednesday.

The *Nurserie* a Scene of much Merriment this Morning. *Anne* at high Play with *Di* and *Fanny*, and *Margaret* with the *Baby*, who clapp'd her Hands and screamed with Delight. My Cousins are both good-tempered, lively Creatures, and I am vastly fond of them already, and they no lesse so of me and the Children. I tooke them over the House, and left them in the *Long Gallery*. They followed me after a while, bringing their Needlework, and I tooke my Embroidery, which has got on but slowly of late: their lively Talk made the Day passe pleasantly. After Dinner

ner we walked down to the *Village*, calling at blind *Betty's* as we return'd.

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Lady Day. In the *Steward's* Room two or three Houres, paying out Wages and so forth, and looking over *Armstrong's* Bookes. The last yeare's Wool was sold, the greater part thereof, to the Baize-maker at *Colcheſter*, at 24 Shillings the Tod, a better Price than hath been payd of late.

March 25,
Thursday.

The *Great Hall* with its blazing Fire and the Women buſy at their Spinning, ever and anon ſinging to the hum of the Wheels, was a Sight pleaſant to look upon. *Nancy* did deſire ſhe might have a Wheel taken to the *Parlour*, much preferring making of Thread to uſing the ſame. *Margaret* is a notable Needle-woman: her Siſter brought a bright Bluſh to her Cheeke by ſome Query reſpect-
ing

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ing a particular Piece of Needle-work in hand ; and added, on perceiving the Effect she had produced, she had heard *Sr. Erasmus de la Fountain* much commend the delicate Paterne : whereat poore *Margaret* attempted to look up unconcern'd, but was obliged to smile at her Sister's Pleasantry. I was discreet, and led the Conversation back to the Spinning.

The Days passe smoothly, yet Time seemeth very long since my deare *Lord* departed on his Journey. We heare no News. *Armstrong* will perchance gain some Tydings at *Colchester* : and I must await his Return with such Patience I can.

Since my little *Fanny's* long Sicknesse I have continued the Habit of remaining by her at night, sometime after she is in Bed : these are Seasons

fons peculiarly sweet and soothing ;
there seemeth something holy in the
Aire of the dimly lighted *Chamber*,
wherein is no Sound heard but the
soft breathing of the sleeping Infant.
I feel at such time as if brought
nearer to the *Divine Presence*, and
with every Care and busy Thought
gathered into Silence, almost seeme
as though admitted to the Company
of the Angels who keepe their ap-
pointed Watch around the little
Child : one desire only filling my
Soul that my Children may grow up
to walk in the Way of the Righ-
teous : at such Moments too how
clearly is perceiv'd and acknowledg'd
the Claim of the *Creator* over the
young Creature he hath formed : He
hath breathed into it the Breath of
Life, and made it a living Soule, and
hath given it to a Mother's Keeping :
she boweth herselfe before him, and
receiveth

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receiveth from his hand this *Pearle of great price*, when the Lord *maketh up his Jewels* to be required of her againe. Sanctifie, O *Lord*, I beseech thee, these Houres of Stillnesse and Meditation to my Soule's eternal Good, and to the Fulfillment of thy holy Purpose towards us.

March 30,
Tuesday.

Sitting with my two little Maidens in the *Nurserie* to-day, *Baby* asleep in the Cradle, and the Time drawing nigh for them to go to Bed, the way opened of saying a few words to them on the subject of Prayer, and methought it strengthened my owne Faith as I brought to their Remembrance that *Jesus Christ* himselfe pray'd, and had told us to do so, and had taught us in what manner we should pray, also giving us Assurance that *God* would alwayes heare our Supplications, if offered in Humility
and

and Faith: Herein should we find abiding Comfort and occasion of Thankfullnesse: *Diana* I thought, from the Expreffion of her Countenance, understood what was sayd. *Fanny* look'd and smiled and made some childish Remark, but possibly tooke in some notion of what was meant. It is a teaching Lesson, the loving Sorte of Trust with which our Children listen: how carefull should we be that Nothing destroy this Confidence.

When I came downe staires, met *John* in the *Hall*: he brought me a Letter, and had heard divers Reports. He had the good hap to fall in with Messengers on their road to the North, and accompanied them a mile or two on their Way to gaine what Intelligence he could. When the Earle of *Strafford* was brought from the *Tower*, he was guarded by

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200 of the Train-band on his way to *Westminster Hall*. Every day of the past weeke he was brought thus to and fro to the Triall. The *King* and *Queene* and the *Prince* proceeded to *Westminster* about 9 of the clock : they sat in their private Clofet, one being enclosed on each side of the Throne with Boards and hung with Arras, in order that the *King* might be present without taking Parte, untill such time as he should choose : neverthelesse he shortly brake downe with his own Hand the Trellis, and so fate in the eyes of all. When the *Earle* enter'd, the Axe was not carried before him, the *King* having so commanded. The Reading of the Impeachment with the Lord *Stratford's* Reply occupied the first Day.

There was much Eating and Drinking during the Day, unseemely Conduct in the *King's* presence, and
ill

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ill becoming the Solemnity of the Occasion : the Sittings did oft last till 2 or 3 of the clock at night. Mr. *Pym* made a long Speech on the 2nd day. What seemeth strange, in the *Galleries* were all the chief Ladies of the Court, with Pen and Ink and Papers, taking note of what pass'd. It is sayd, though he was proved guilty of great Wickednesse and Tyrannie, yet no one Deed taken singly did come within the verge of Treason. The *Earle* did himselfe say aloud, there was nothing that could be Treason, and if one thousand Misdemeanours make not a Felony, how should 28 make it a Treason? So soone as the Triall is concluded, we shall surely hear thereof.

No Letter or Messenger yet arrived. It is well for me that nurserie Cares and Employments cannot be

April 19,
Monday.

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be neglected, and I am thus compelled to exertion, though painfull Thoughts occupy my Mind. It is an awfull thing for Man to take the Life of Man, and difficult to reconcile to the Precepts of Mercy and Forgivenessse, given by our *Saviour*, more especially doth it grieve me to see the Spirit of Persecution so strong in the Minister of Religion. The *Chaplain* and I agree not in these Matters, and he hath ever readie in his Mouth Texts from *Holy Scriptures* to justify Bloodshed: the Law of old time was an Eye for an Eye, but not such is the Law of *Christ*. I do oft wish for my *Husband's* Presence in his owne Family: the discontented and fanatic Tone of Exhortation adopted of late worketh no Good: for my poore Part I see no doing of *God's* Service in neglecting their Duty, which some both Men and

and Women in the Household scruple not. This wresting of the old *Bible* expressions to suit different Opinions, methinks, is like to be dangerous, and maketh a Snare to the Weake.

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The Bill hath pass'd the *Commons' House*, by a very great Majority, and is sent up to the *Lords*. Mobs of violent Men were gathered round the Parliament, crying for *Strafford's* Blood. The *Lords* made *Complaint* they were threatened: and Dr. *Burges*, a popular Preacher, was put forth to addresse the Crowd, who thereupon disperfed themselves. The *King* is accused of endeavouring to influence the *House of Lords*, and trusts much in the Earle of *Bedford*, who it is sayd hath secretly undertooke that the Earle of *Strafford's* Life should not be forfeited.

April 24,
Saturday.

A Report

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May 7,

Friday.

A Report hath arisen that the *King* hath projected the Earle's escape from the *Tower*.

So great is the Excitement that the Noise of a Board breaking in the *House* did so greatly terrifie the Members that some ran out: others thought it was another Gun-powder Plot.

May 8,
Saturday.

No further News from *London*. Thoughts so distracted that to set downe some Particulars of public Events as they reach us is all that I am well able. Children at this time well in Health, a great Mercy: let me not be unmindfull of this and other manifold Blessings; but, as the *Apostle* sayth, *by Prayer and Supplication, with Thanksgiving, be my Requests made known unto God.*

May 13,
Thursday.

The Bill has pass'd: the Majority

21 to 19: my *Husband* sayth many left the *House*. The Earle of *Bedford*, having sicken'd of the Smallpox last weeke, died on the 9th: he is a great Losse to all Parties, being a just and good Man; he hath alwayes opposed the persecuting Laws against the Non-conformist Ministers, and beene the Enemy of all arbitrary Power, and had occupied himselfe till his Death in the endeavour to reconcile his Party to something lesse than capital Punishment in the *Earle's* case: and 'tis thought the *King* had confidently trusted in his Influence obtaining this End. The Royal Assent has beene given by Commis-sion. When the Earle of *Strafford* was inform'd thereof, he layd his Hand on his Breast, and sayd, *Put not your Trust in Princes*: poore Man, he hath good Reason to say so. The Prince of *Wales* came to the *House* with

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with a Letter from the *King*, a poore Effort to save the *Earle*, and to satisfie his Conscience.

May 15,
Saturday.

The Execution tooke place on *Wednesday* the 12th: the crowds of People present were orderly, and gave way to no expression of Triumph; but at night it is reported they testified their Satisfaction by lighting Bonfires, &c. My deare Life doth hope to get away in a few Days: how great will be the Joy to see him enter his own Doore againe. He sayth the *Queene Mother* hath petition'd the *House of Commons* for a Guard: she being fearfull of Crowds and Tumults: 'twas referred to Committee. The *House* moved that the *Lords* should join in a Petition to His Majesty that she depart this Kingdome.

Have retired to my *Closet* at an
early

early Houre, that I may passe some time in the Exercise of Self-examination, especially suited to the Day, the same being that on which I was born. First, let me return Thanks to *Almighty God* that I was blessed with a Pious and Tender *Mother*: 2ndly, That I have been favoured with goode Health: and thirdly, that in Wedded Life my Partner is one worthy of my dearest Affection & high Esteeme, and who hath ever treated with Gentlenesse and Condescension my Faults and many Deficiencies. Like unto the loving them who love us is the Thankfulness of the Heart for those Mercies and Orderings of *Providence* pleasant to our natural Feelings: how have I borne the Trialls and Disappointments which have beene given mee to beare? When the *Lord* tooke from me my precious First-born, it was as
it

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it were the Dividing asunder of Soul and Spirit, and of the Joints and Marrow : and I would not be comforted. Yet I doubt not that through this Tribulation I have in some measure beene brought to a more humbling Sense of my thoughtlesse and sinful State, and to the Conviction that only through Divine Grace could my disobedient and rebellious Spirit be brought into entire Submission and the patient taking up the *Crosse* felt to be a daily Duty. Great and oft have beene my Backslidings ; yet blessed be *God*, I hope that Faith faileth not, but doth strengthen and become more and more an abiding Principle of Action. Much of Indolence and Selfishnesse I have daily to struggle with : yet sometimes the comforting Hope is granted, that in these respects there is Improvement. Though no longer have I a deare
Mother,

Lady Willoughby.

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Mother, yet is her Memory so connected with my *Children* that in my own capacity as a Mother I seeme with her in many Scenes of her past Life. Perhaps she doth now behold mee stepping along through this Vale of Teares, oft stumbling, but an un-seene Arm supporting mee from utterly falling, and peacefull Resting-places and refreshing waters vouchsafed: and when I draw nigh unto the End of my Pilgrimage, where lieth the Shadow of Death, may I still feare no Evill, but know that the *Lord* is with mee. Have read the 51st and 103d *Psalmes*, and the 5th, 6th, and 7th Chapters of *St. Mathew*, and with renewed Thanksgiving after looking on the sleeping Little Ones, I will now retire to my solitary Chamber.

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There hath of late beene public
Events

June 2,
Wednesday.

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Events of such strong Interest, that small domestic Affaires have seemed of too little Import, compared therewith, to set ought downe, and my Pen too is idly disposed. My time is mostly thus ordered: after that I have looked into ordinary household Businesse, I teach *Diana* her Reading and Spelling; she is an apt Scholar, and is becoming a notable little Sempstresse: her Temper is quick, and her Behaviour sometimes overbearing to her *Sister*; but she hath warme Affections, and soon repents of Unkindnesse or Anger: *Fanny* is more gentle and docile, but with this too readily in Teares: they are both vastly fond of *Baby*, and *Fanny* gives it oftentimes such a Hug with her chubby Arm as makes it cry, and then she cries too. *Fan* learns some little. In the Afternoone walke out, calling on some of my poore Neighbours, and

Lady Willoughby.

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and administring to the Ailing such Remedies as I can bestow.

1641.

It is like to be a good Hay-harvest: the Women all called forth to give Helpe therein. I tooke Charge of the *Nurserie*: *Di* and *Fan* in the Field most part of the Day. Old *Bridget* died last Night; and *Smythe* now keepes to his Bed.

June 24,
Thursday.

The Report hath reached us that the *Queene Mother* hath embarked: a good Riddance to the Countrey. It is sayd the *Queene* wished to accompany her; and under plea of Ill-health made Request to this effect to the *House of Commons*, which was refused: at the same time the *House* expressed a Willingnesse to further her Satisfaction in all things so farre as may stand with the Public Good. Methinks the *King* must be discomposd

July 17,
Saturday.

1641.

posed by this Opposition to the *Queenes* Wishes, which bodeth further Trouble and Vexation to him.

Sept. 15,
Wednesday.

The *King* is still in *Scotland*, but is likely to go to *Ireland*: Rebellion and dreadfull Massacres in that unhappy Countrey.

Dec. 14,
Tuesday.

The Bishops accused of High Treason.



1641-2.

1641-2.



He Commons have petitioned for a Guard. Newes that *Lord Kimbolton, Mr. Hollis, Sir Arthur Hazelrigge, Mr. Pym, Mr. John Hampden*, and another, have been accused of High Treason by the *Attorney General*. Whilst the *Lords* were deliberating, Word was brought that Officers were fealing up the Doores, Trunks, &c. of the accused Members. The *Commons* ordered their *Sergeant at Armes* to breake them open : of a sudden there came a Messäge from the *King* to the *Speaker* requiring him to deliver up the 5 Members. The *House* replied they

January 8,
Saturday.

1641-2.

they would take the Matter into Consideration. The next day after Dinner, and when they had scarcely taken their Seats, Newes was brought them that the *King* was coming with Hundreds of arm'd Men and Officers; they fearing Violence and Strife in the House, order'd the accused Members to leave the House: which they did just in time. My *Lord* sayth the *King* knock'd hastily on the Doore, and came in with the *Prince Palatine*, leaving the arm'd Men at the Doore. The whole *House* stood up uncovered: the *King* walked straightway to the *Speaker's* Chaire, and seated himselfe therein. Then he cast searching lookes around, and not seeing those he sought, spoke in a severe Tone, asking were any of those Persons there, ending with these Words, or some similar, *I do expect, as soon as they come to the House,*
you

Lady Willoughby.

III

you will send them to me ; otherwise I must take my owne Course to find them, and arose and went out, amidst Murmuring and cries of Privilege. This open Defiance of *King* and *Parliament* has created a vast stir : and many marvel at the bold bearing of the *House*. The next Day the *King* went into the City of *London*, when the *Common Councill* were assembled at the *Guildhall* ; but made not much Impression : neverthelesse he got a good Dinner at the House of one of the *Sheriffes*.

1641-2.

For some days no Tidings have reached us : all that we have heard of late is of the *Militia Bill*, which is calling forth strong Feelings on both Sides. The *Queene* and *Princessse* are at length gone into *Holland* : it is sayd she hath taken, beside her Plate, the Crown Jewells. The *King* returned

Feb. 28,
Monday.

1641-2.

returned not to *Whitehall*, but is at *Theobalds*, the Prince of *Wales* with him.

March 17,
Thursday.

This Forenoon my little Daughter *Fanny* showed so wilfull and froward a Spirit, refusing to do that she was told, that I was forced to correct her with some severity: she hath of late fallen away from the ready Obedience wherewith she did formerly attend to my Bidding, and I do much reproach myselfe in that I have beene neglectfull of my Duty towards her, and the others; thus occasioning Trouble to them, and Grief and Disappointment to myselfe. Sorely tryed by divers Anxieties I have too much look'd to my deare Little Ones for present Joy and Comfort: and haply in my forlorne State, with an encreased Tenderneffe have beene led to overlooke the Beginnings of unruly
and

Lady Willoughby.

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and disobedient Conduct, which ought to have met with Correction.

1641-2.

As I stood and look'd on the little Face so lately disturbed by angry Feelings now quietly asleepe, I deeply bewailed the Effects of my Selfishness. *Lord*, I have beene an unfaithfull Steward, and neglected the Talents committed to me: call me not to account, Oh Righteous *Father*: take not away from mee this precious Trust: but whilst I acknowledge and deplore my Unworthiness, strengthen, I beseech thee, my weake Minde, and helpe mee to traine them up in Obedience, which shall prepare them for a yet higher. Thou knowest the Burthen of these fearefull and troublous Times is heavy to be borne: yet would I strive and pray for a more patient and faithfull Spirit.

Attended

1641-2.
March 18,
Friday.

Attended to family Businesse and Duties with renew'd Diligence : and I trust humbled, by the past Experience of Slacknesse in performing the same. I weary for my deare *Husband's* presence and Support.

March 19,
Saturday.

Intelligence that the *Lieutenants* of *Counties* are forthwith to organize *Militias*: the Farmers and Labouring Men will be put to great Inconvenience and Loffe.

Late in the Afternoone my *Lord* arrived, travaile-soiled, having ridden so farre out of his way to the North: he with some others are appointed to present to the *King*, now at *Yorke*, a Declaration from *Parliament*. He had but a few Houres to stay: so much to be sayd in short Time, we scarce knew where to begin: he inclined to dismisse for a while all Public Affaires. I caused a good fire to be

be made in our favourite Parlour.

Armstrong relieved his *Master* of parts of his Riding-dresse, and tooke Orders respecting fresh Horses, baggage, &c. the while I hasten'd up to the *Nurserie* & brought downe the three *Girls*. *Fan* tooke her old Place on her Father's Knee, *Di* on a Stool at his Feet, and I nursed and coaxed *Baby* into not being alarmed at a Stranger, so little has she seene of him, that at first she did refuse to leave my Arms for his: very great was our Satisfaction and Delight: he look'd wearied, and well he might, but sayd the sight of so many deare Faces was the onely Happineffe he had had since he last saw us, and did more to rest him than could aught else: the Dogs too shared his Notice: and the *Children* prattled so that we could hardly get in a word to each other. One by one they
were

1641-2.

1641-2.

were sent off to Bed, and we had a short space of Quiet to ourselves. Before we are like to meete againe, he doth expect, as doe all Men, that Blood will have beene shed: both Parties are now scrambling for Armes: and nothing can save this unhappy Kingdome from a Warre. Wee are much out of the way: but in disturbed Times, worthlesse and evil-disposed Persons are readie for any Violence, and under Pretext of being engaged for one Side or the other, likely to plunder the undefended: and *Armstrong* has orders to see that before dark, the House be shut, and all the Men within; who are to be armed: the new *Militia Act* will make this needfull. My *Lord* will have with him alwayes one or more trust-worthy Serving-men, whom he can send with Letters or Messages, and heare from us in returne: and
herein

herein wee must both take such Comfort as wee can. He is now under the Orders of *Parliament*, and for some time is pretty certaine to be in the *North*, the *King* having established a sort of Court at *Yorke*. The Take-leave time came at last, *And now, deare Heart*, he sayd to his trembling *Wife*, with much adoe I kept a tolerable Composure, *have no Misgivings of thyselfe: I have ever found thee of quick Wit in Difficulties, and manifesting a quiet Courage and Endurance, at which I have marvelled: and if need should be, I will find Meanes for your better Protection.* Well was it now that the Horfes were readie, and he look'd not around, after his parting Embrace, to see mee drown'd in Teares. He set forth well armed. Two Men the same, and another with a led Horfe and Baggage.

Went to my lonely Roome at
Night:

1641-2.

1641-2.

Night: the Casement shook with the Winde, and presently the Raine came downe heavily: for a time I was overpowr'd with the Grief of losing him, and thinking of him riding all night in Weather so tempestuous, the while I sat by a brightly burning Fire, in a comfortable warm Roome. Yet would I gladly share his Hardshippes, and be at his Side through all. Roused myself at last, and prepared for Rest, praying for Strength that my selfish Love may never bee a Hinderance to my beloved *Husband* in the way of his Duty, but rather that I may give all the Aide that a poore weake Creature may, to one so farre above her in all true Nobleneffe. As I beheld the little Face sleeping beside mee, thought what should betide if wee were driven from our Home: how should wee find Shelter for this tender

Lady Willoughby.

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der Flower, and the other deare ones.

1641-2.

The *Chaplain*, when we met this Morning, with much Respect did offer his Services: he fideth with the *Parliament*, and I fancy could play the part of Soldier well, other ways than in Spirituall Warfare.

March 22,
Tuesday.

Had the great Comfort of a Letter dated *Nottingham*: my *Husband* reach'd that Place soone after Sir *Anthony Ereby* and the Lord *Dun-garvon*, whom he was to meete there: and they presently departed for *Yorke*. My *Husband* telleth mee that Mr. *John Hutchinson* boldly opposed the Taking-away the Poudre from the *Castle* by the Sheriffe for the *Kings* Use: the which was well nigh accomplished. It did so happen that Mr. *Hutchinson* chancing to call on the
Mayor,

March 31,
Thursday.

1642.

Mayor, was there told that Lord *Newark* and the Sheriffe were up stairs seeing the Pouder weighed out. A good number of People were gathered together, and told Mr. *Hutchinson*, if he would stand by them, they would not let it be taken away: and some were minded to go up and tosse the Sheriffe out of the Windowes. Thereupon Mr. *Hutchinson* went up, and made manfull Remonstrance with the sayd Sheriffe, and they did presently put up their Papers, and left the Towneshall. My *Lord* had some knowledge of Mr. *Hutchinson*, and is right glad to find him a stedfast Friend, on the side of Liberty and Justice.

April 5,
Tuesday.

It is no easie Matter to follow my usuall Employments, and I make some excuse continually to myselfe for looking towards the Gate, though no *Newes* is like to arrive yet awhile.
The

Lady Willoughby.

I 2 I

The afternoone was fine, and I walked with the *Children* to *Framlingham*, and went over great part of the *Castle*, met there Doctor *Sampson*, who gave me at considerable length the History thereof. He was in much Concerne for his Friend Mr. *Lovekin*, the Rector of *Ufford*, who hath beene plundered of every thing save one Silver-spoone which he did hide in his Sleeve. The Oak-trees hereabout are of great size. The *Children* were mightily pleased with the *Castle*: and were it not that their Hunger made the thought of Supper well pleasing to them, I should not easily have got them away.

1642.

This morning was mild & bright: the Woods clothed in the soft Greene of early Spring: & the whole Scene so quiet and beautifull, 'twas sad to reflect how many happy country Places

April 19,
Tue'day.

1642.

Places were defaced by the Trampling of Soldiers, & Women and Children sitting in Terror of Warre at their very Doores. I walk'd down to blind *Betty's* Cottage : the Doore stood partly open : and as I entered she was seated by the small Fire, her Dresse cleane though homely and worne, and her poore sightlesse Face wearing its accustomed Looke of Contentment : her Lips moved, and she raised up her withered Hand at times, as if in Supplication. She knew my step, & arose to meet mee with her wonted Salutation of Respect and Wellcome : her first Enquiry was to know if I had heard Tydings of the Lord *Willoughby* : & then of the *Children*, every particular of their Health. And now shall I reade to you, *Betty* ? I asked : with many Thankes she exprest the Pleasure it would give. The *Chap-
laine*

Lady Willoughby.

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laine had not call'd to see her these three Daies : and a Chapter, as she sayd, would be more to her than Meate or Drinke. I read a portion of *Isaiah*, and afterward the 15th Chapter of *Corinthians* : her Remarks thereon, though simple, reminded mee in their Piety and Zeale of my deare *Mother*. She then begged for the last of *Revelations*, wherein she doth alway find peculiar Edification and Delight. This poore lone Widow is a living Sermon to mee in her Faith under all her Troubles, which have beene manifold : but they have led her to the true Source of Peace and Consolation.

1642.

Before I left my Chamber this morning, was told a Messenger had arrived from *Aldborough*, having come there by Sea from *Hull* desiring Speech of mee, saying he was from
Yorke :

April 30,
Saturday.

1642.

Yorke: I did lose no time in seeing him. He sayd the Lord *Willoughby* had not Time or Meanes to write, but sent mee his Ring as a Token that he who bare it was to be trusted in his Relation of Affaires as they then were. On the 22nd the *King* sent the Duke of *Yorke* and the Prince *Palatine* with the Earle of *Newport* to *Hull*, without any armed Force, my *Lord* with them, as if to see the Town: the Day following they were to dine with the *Mayor*: but a little before noone Sir *John Hotham* was informed the *King* intended to dine with him that day, and was within 3 or 4 miles of *Hull*, with 300 Horse and more. He hastened to consult the Aldermen and some others on the *Parliament* side: and they sent a Messenger beseeching his *Majesty* not to come, as the Governour could not admit him. But the

1642.

the *King* advanced : the Bridge was drawn up, and the Gates shut, and the Soldiers stood to their Arms. The *King* rode up to the Gate, and commanded Sir *John* to open the Gates : he answered that he was entrusted with the Securing the Towne, and would do his Duty : but if the *King* pleased, he might enter with 12 Men : this the *King* refused. At one of the clock the Duke of *Yorke* and others with him were allowed to go out. The *King* stayed there till afternoone, when he gave Sir *John Hotham* an Houre to consider what he would doe, and retired : then he came backe to the Gate & received the same Answer as before. Thereat he caused the Herald to proclaime Sir *John Hotham* a Traitor : and in great Anger and Disappointment the *King* went away, and lodged at *Beverley*. My *Husband*

1642.

band will remaine at *Hull*, being appointed with 3 other Commissioners to act with Sir *John Hotham*. The *Parliament* have voted Thanks to the Governour, and sent an Order for the Ordnance and moſte of the Armes to be ſent to *London*. For a ſhort time my deare *Huſband* is employed on a Service of ſeeming little Danger, but this cannot be for long. The Meſſenger ſtayed only for needfull Refreshment, proceeding to *London*: deſired *John Armſtrong* to reward him with liberal hand, and alſo requeſt him to ſend us the *Perfeſt Diurnall*, or ſuch Paper as he can procure, when he reaches *London*.

June 28,
Tueſday.

The *King*, having got Poſſeſſion of the Great Seale, hath iſſued Proclamations commanding the People in no way to aide the *Parliament*:
the

Lady Willoughby.

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the *Parliament* doing the same to forbid their aiding the *King*: what can the poore People do?

1642.

There is Rumour that the *King* hath collected a considerable Force, and is gone to besiege *Hull*.

The *Parliament* have issued an Order for the bringing in Money, Plate, Horses, &c. and have named the Earle of *Essex* Commander of the Army: many Gentlemen of the *House of Commons* have entered the Service, Lord *Grey*, *Hollis*, Sir *William Waller*, and our good friend the excellent Mr. *Hampden*.

July 15,
Friday.

The Paper says the Lord *Willoughby* is made *Lord-Lieutenant* of *Lincolnshire*; and Mr *Oliver Cromwell*, the Member for *Cambridge*, is a Colonel: and will raise Forces and Money in that County and *Norfolk* and *Suffolk*.
Some

July 16,
Saturday.

1642.

Some part of *Suffolk* has shewn itselfe in Favour of the *King*. Would that my *Lord* were at Home: yet his Estates lying chiefly in *Lincolnshire*, his Prefence there is doubtlesse important.

Not only have the Wealthier Sort brought in their Money, Silver Goblets, and such like, but poore Women of their small meanes, even to their Silver Bodkins and Thimbles.

Aug. 29,
Monday.

The Royal Standard set up in *Nottingham*: we heare that the *King* himselfe rode up to the Top of the Hill with the Standard Bearer: the evening was stormy, and the next morning the Standard was found blown downe; & some say it so happened a second time, and many of the Royalist Party much cast downe by an Event so ominous. Poore *King*, my Heart pitieth him, as who
can

Lady Willoughby.

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can help? happy they who are not
fet in the high Places.

1642.

The *King* hath marched towards
London: the *Parliament*, having no-
tice thereof, ordered the Train-bands
to be in readinesse, and that the *City*
should be fortified with Posts and
Chaines: and they say vast numbers
of People, even Women and Chil-
dren, came to the Worke, digging
and carrying the Earth to make the
new Fortifications.

September.

Whilst that my *Lord* some while
ago was raising and putting into order
the *Lincolnshire* Militia, the *King*
being informed thereof wrote to him
desiring him to desist: whereupon
he returned Answer, that it was not
in his power to do that which his
Majesty required of him, without
Breach of that Trust which he had
undertaken to the *Parliament*, and to
which

1642.

which he was encouraged by the Opinion of his *Majesty's* great Officers eminent in the Knowledge of the Lawes, wherein he was not learned.

The Lord *Brooke* is actively at worke in *Warwickshire*.

Oct. 28,
Friday.

Tidings of an Encounter betweene the two Armies: the first Report that our Side were defeated: then came others that the *King's* Forces were beaten with great Losse. Certaine it was that a Battle had beene fought: and late in the evening I saw from my Bedroom Window a Man riding up, his Horse stumbling from Fatigue, and presently was told it was *Shephard*. As onely from great Necessitie would my *Husband* send from him this trusty Man, I feared some ill Newes: and when *Shephard* said his *Lord* was well, I could

could scarcely stand, so great was the Reliefe from that which I was afraid of hearing. A battle had beene fought at a Village called *Keynton*: Lord *Effex* with his Army in the Village, the *King's* halted at *Edgehill*. *Effex* advanced into the Plaine, and he ordered the Artillery to fire on that Part where the *King* was reported to be: and a terrible Fight began. The Royal Standard was taken: Prince *Rupert* entered *Keynton*, pillaging and committing great Cruelty: men sayd it would have gone hard with *Effex* if he had not thus lost time. My *Lord* joined them with his Regiment, *Hampden's* and another, in the height of the Conflict; they had laine on the Field all night, without Covering or Provisions. He told *Shepherd* to tell mee he could not be in better Company, Colonel *Hampden* and he being much

1642.

1642.

much together. Some wished to pursue the *King*, who is gone towards *Banbury*: others advised Rest for the Soldiers. I asked *Shepherd* how my *Lord* looked, and he sayth passing well, not so wearie, to his thinking, as when in *London*: he is to remaine one or two Dayes; and take back Linen, &c. After the first hurry of Feeling had somewhat subided, I endeavoured to compose my Minde to a due Sense of Thankfulnessse that I am yet spared Tidings of his being wounded or even worse: how many Wives and Mothers at this time are weeping over the Dead, or watching the Wounded & Dying: and we know not whose Turne will be next.

Nov. 2.

The Lord *Say's* House at *Broughton* hath beene taken by Prince *Rupert*.

Dr. *Sampson*

1642.

Nov. 18,
Saturday.

Dr. *Sampson* walked over from *Framlingham*, and stayd Dinner : he hath heard that a sudden Attack had beene made by the *King* on *Brentford*. Lord *Effex* was in the *House*, which had just received a gracious Answer from the *King*, and asking if Hostilities were to be suspended : Whilst he spoke, he heard the Sound of Cannon : he hastily left the *House*, and galloped acrosse the Park in the direction of the Sound ; & he found that Prince *Rupert*, who was followed by the *King* and the whole Army, had taken advantage of a thick Fog, and had attacked *Brentford*, where was Col. *Hollis's* Regiment, who fought so well, the Regiments of Colonel *Hampden* and my Lord *Brooke* had Time to come up : and when the Earle of *Effex* came up with a considerable Force, he found
the

1642.

the *Royalists* had retired, and were stationed quietly on the western side of *Brentford*. The *Parliament* is in great Indignation, and have voted they will never treat with the *King* againe.

Essex at the head of more than 20,000 Men, it is sayd, was urged by *Hampden*, *Hollis*, and others to pursue the *King*, who had retreated: but for what reason was not known, he remained still. Cart-loads of Provisions, Wine, and Ale, &c. were sent out of *London* to the Army.

Some say Sir *Thomas Fairfax* has beene defeated by the Earle of *Newcastle*.



1643.



Ewes from *London*: the
Parliament have enter'd
into a Negotiation with
the *King*, to forme a Treaty of Peace,
in order whereunto Commissioners
have beene appointed, and are now
at *Oxford*, where it is sayd the *King*
treats them with Civility. He re-
fuses to have the Lord *Say* and *Sele*
one of the Commissioners, because
he had proclaim'd him a Traitour:
and another was chosen in his place.
Abroad there seemeth only Gloom
& Apprehension: let mee hope that
within our Home there is a brighter
Prospect: Children well, and mend-
ing

1643.

March 29,
Monday.

1643.

ing of their little Faults; and when I looke backe on the Yeare just past, I see Cause for Encouragement respecting them. And herein is any effort at Self-discipline well rewarded: the more circumspectly I endeavour to walke in the strait and narrow Way, bearing cheerfully the Croffes, and performing with diligence the Duties appointed mee, not onely is my owne Progresse in the *Christian* Path made evident in the Peace which at times I am favoured to experience: but in the encreased Care and Watchfulnesse over the Tempers and Conduct of these deare *Children*, I am Witnesse of their Growth in Virtue and Happiness. Before this Yeare cometh to a close, haply *Peace may be in our borders, and the People shall dwell in a peaceable Habitation, and in quiet resting-places.*

People

People say there was a Rising for the King at *Lowestoffe*, and that Colonel *Cromwell*, with 1000 Horse, came upon them unawares, and gained the Towne with small difficulty: many Prisoners taken. Hitherto this side of the Country, being mostly for the *Parliament*, has beene quiet: but now, I feare mee, we shall share in the general Disturbance.

It is confidently sayd Colonel *Cromwell* hath gone to *Norwich*: Thankfull to heare the same, I had trembled to think of him within so few miles of us.

There is Newes that the Lord *Brooke* hath beene shot: I would faine hope this may not be the fact. The King has march'd forward to *London* with a great Army.

Armstrong

1643.

Thursday.

March,
Monday.

1643.

Armstrong heard at *Woodbridge*, when he went to the Faire on Wednesday, that Colonel *Cromwell* and my Lord have joined the Army at *Loughborough*, and are expected to make an Attack on *Newark*. They say *Cromwell's* Soldiers are the best ordered of any, save *Hampden's* Green-coates. The Lord *Brooke's* Death is much lamented. A party of Soldiers had taken possession of the Cathedral at *Litchfield*, and fired at the House where he then was, and the bullet struck his Head, and he died instantly. He hath left 5 Children; poore young Man, he hath soone fallen: it is a satisfaction to believe Lady *Catherine* and her Family will meet with Helpe & Protection from the Earle of *Bedford*.

April 19,
Wednesday.

All hope of present Peace is at an end. The Commissioners are recalled

called from *Oxford* without coming to any settlement of these unhappie differences.

1643.

Dr. *Sampson* hath seene some Letters wherein is mention of Sr. *Thomas Fairfax* having received a Shot in his Wrist, the losse of Blood was so great he lay on the ground senselesse till his Surgeon came up. His Wife was taken Prisoner with the Officer behind whom she rid: and the Child after being carried on horseback for twenty houres could not hold out longer, and her Father thought would have dyed, in the frequent Swoonings she did fall into. Seeing her in so distressfull a state, he bade her Maid take her to a house he saw not farre off, where she did meet with kindly Treatment.

• May 16,
Tuesday.

No Newes of my *Husband*, but
am

May 22,
Monday.

1643.

am comforted to heare that Sir *Thomas Fairfax's* little Daughter hath recover'd and his Wife hath beene sent back by the Earle of *Newcastle* in his owne Coach, and with a guard of Soldiers. See cause to beleieve that I did most consult my deare *Husband's* ease by remaining at home, of which I have sometimes doubted.

July.

Thanks be unto *God*, I have to-day a few Lines written by my dearest *Life* in much haste. A slight hurt of his left Arme being all the injury he hath sustained in the late Fight near *Grantham*. *Burleigh* House hath beene taken by *Cromwell*. Heard with feelings of sorrow of the Decease of my honoured *Uncle*, the Lord *Noel*, at a great age. We have not met of late, but I have never ceased to love and respect him, and have at times received Tokens of his
Remembrance,

Lady Willoughby.

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Remembrance, valuable to mee for my deare *Mother's* sake, who did entertaine for him a particular Affection.

1643.

The *Diurnall* sayth Sir *John Meldrun* was well nigh beaten at the Siege of *Newark*, the Garrison falling forth forced him to retreat, but the Lord *Willoughby* came gallantly up with his Regiment, and beate them backe into the Towne, taking divers Prisoners and a piece of Ordnance. Deare *Husband*, how conflicting are my Feelings, one moment rejoicing in his Successse and proud of his Ability and Bravery ; and then trembling for his Safety, and stricken in Conscience that I could heare of Strife and Death, with aught but Horrour and Compassion.

Wednesday.

Further Particulars of the Siege
of

Thursday.

1643.

of *Gainsborough* have reach'd us: Colonel *Cromwell* had retir'd to *Lincoln* to recruit his Forces, and my *Lord* was in *Gainsborough*, where he made a brave Defence, and repulsed fundry Assaults. The Earle's Force consisted of 6000 Men: upon their proceeding to set fire to the Towne, my *Lord*, to save so terrible a Distresse and Ruine, sounded a Parley, and surrender'd upon quarter after eight days: but the Enemy broke the Articles and disarm'd his Soldiers, and others that had beene sent from *Nottingham*. He hath now gone to *Lincoln*. He is considered to have done good Service, though the Towne is lost, having made some hundred Prisoners at first Taking of the Place, some of them Men of Rank, among them the Earle of *Kingston*, who with others being sent in a close boat to *Hull*: a party of *Cavaliers* seeing them
them

them passe by, called to them to stop the Boat, which they refusing to do, they fired, and so the Earle and his Man were slaine by their owne Friends. When I shall have private Intelligence I know not, or how I beare up under this terrible uncertainty, I know not: sorely am I perplex'd when I pray unto the *God* of Peace and Love to give Successe to our Armies: can his Blessing rest upon the Field of Strife and Death? Mercifull *Father*, looke with Pity on thy poore misguided Creatures, and over-rule all this Evill and Suffering to a wise and rightfull issue; and if it be possible, restore the Husband and Father to his helpleffe Family: and helpe mee, oh *God*, to support whatever tryall thou mayst think fit to send mee: and in my owne Distresse may I the more seeke to aide and comfort those who are yet

1643.

yet more afflicted than has yet beene my lot in this time of Peril.

In the Paper mention is made of a Conspiracy: in which Mr. *Waller* is concern'd: he is fined, and hath gain'd Permission to go abroad. Two Men have beene hang'd.

July 1,
Saturday.

To-day my Pen must record the saddest event that next to private losse could have happen'd: *Hampden*, to whom all Men did looke up as a Patterne of Virtue and a most true Patriot, has fallen: he was severely wounded in an encounter with Prince *Rupert's* Troops, who made a sudden Attack by night. *Hampden's* active and courageous Temper could not wait the slow steps of *Effex*, and he rode up to support his Friends. It had beene confidently sayd by many that *Effex* would be removed from
the

1643.

the Command, and *Hampden* succeed him, and his Friends strove to keepe him back from this Skirmish. He was wounded in the shoulder by two balls, and rode off the Field in the direction of his Father-in-lawes Habitation at *Pyrton*, but could not go that way, by reason of the Enemy's Cavalry, and was taken into the House of one *Browne*: here he linger'd some days in severe Torments, notwithstanding which he writ divers Letters, and died on the 24th of June, a few houres after taking the *Sacrament*, offering up fervent Prayers for his Country. We are tempted to exclaim, Why might not one so excellent *be delivered from the terrour by night, and the arrow that flieth by day?* Allmost it seemeth as a judgement from Heaven upon our Cause. We heare of some serious Disasters to our Army: *Bristol* is deliver'd up to

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to Prince *Rupert*, and elsewhere the *King's* Troops have beene successefull. Sir *Harry Vane* is in the North.

July 5,
Wednesday.

Heard at *Framlingham* that *Hampden* was interred in the Parish Church of *Hampden*, his Regiment followed him to the Grave singing the 90th *Psalme*: after seeing their Friend layd in the Grave, they returned singing the 43d, to expresse their Trust in *God*, and looking to Him to deliver them and their Country from Injustice and Oppression. Thus do they truly honour the Memory of their beloved Leader in banding together to go on with his Worke: never was there such Consternation and Sorrow at one Man's Death, as when the Tidings thereof did reach *London*, in the *Parliament*, and the People throughout the Land, as if their whole Army had beene defeated:

Lady Willoughby.

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feated : his private Loffe is unspeakable.

1643.

As day fucceedeth day I can only strive to wait with some degree of Composure for the next Reports : one of our Neighbours came up to the *Hall* to tell mee he had met with some wounded Soldiers a few Miles beyond *Wickham*, who told him Sir *Thomas Fairfax* and Mr. *Cromwell* and my *Lord* have join'd Forces, and are designed for the *North*. *Hull* is besieged by the Earle of *Newcastle* : it is sayd he had secret Correspondence with the *Hothams*, which was timely discover'd ; and Sir *John Hotham* and his Sonne are sent to the *Tower*, and the Charge of the Towne given to Sir *Matthew Bointon*, the Brother-in-law of Sir *John*.

Sept. 21,
Thursday.

The Towne of *Nottingham* has
beene

Sept. 25,
Monday.

1643.

beene sett on fire, but not more than two or three Houses destroy'd; and the same attempted againe at divers times, fire having beene discovered layd to barnes and other buildings; it is sayd that Women did go in companies at night, to prevent the burning, which doth seeme strange. Mistrresse *Lucy Hutchinson* hath not only dressed the Wounds of many of their owne Soldiers, but also of Prisoners brought into the Castle Dungeon. I have afore-time heard her much commended as a kind Lady of great Capacity and Learning; and Colonel *Hutchinson*, who ever since he was made Governour has had to contend with personal Jealousies and Opposition, my *Lord* faith is one of the bravest and most honourable Men on our Side.

Sept. 26,
Tuesday.

Tidings of a Battle at *Newberry*.
The

Lady Willoughby.

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The Lord *Faulkland* killed : he hath soone followed his once beloved Friend *Hampden* to the Grave, and doubtlesse to a world where all Differences will cease. He was a Gentleman of great parts, and did love to entertaine at his House, near *Oxford*, Men of learning and ability : he was courteous and just to all, and did endeavour all he could to promote Peace betweene the *King* and his People. Also in this Battle the young Earle of *Sunderland* hath lost his Life.

1643.

For a few dayes my deare *Lord* hath stay'd with us : and I have some hope, now that the severe Season hath set in, that he may perchance get time to see his Family, and settle his Affaires : he hath now departed for *London*. He saith the Lord *Faulkland* had of late beene a
changed

Dec. 15,
Friday.

1643.

changed Man : his gentle Spiritt & quick Feelings so distressed, that he could not sleepe, and would oft sit long in silence, at times uttering with deep Sighs the words *Peace, Peace,* and would say to his Friends, *the very Agony of the Warre, and the Sight of the Calamities and Desolation the Kingdome did and must endure, would shortly breake his Heart.* He was consider'd to have sought his Death, having no call to enter into the Fight, he being *Secretary of State* : he replied to one who did urge this on him, that he was wearie of the Times, and fore-saw much Misery to his Countrey, and did beleeve he should be out of it ere night : and did call for a cleane Shirt, that his Friends might find his Body cleanly arrayed. If in more of Men's Minds was this Abhorrence of Warre and Strife, how happy would it be for mankind : but others say,

Lady Willoughby.

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fay, yes but men must first act justly,
then would they meete with Mercy.
This the *King* hath never done by
his People, and now he must suffer :
what is a Crowne if the head that
wears it is dishonoured ?

1643.

My deare *Husband* well in Body,
but ill at ease in Mind.

Poore Mr. *Pym* is deceased after
a life of Toyle and Suffering.

The



1643-4.

1643-4.

January 1,
Monday.



He Season of *Christmasse* hath pass'd gloomily. At a time when Families are divided by civill Differences and many gathered round a darkened and desolate Hearth, there is not much disposition to Mirthfulnesse. The newe Yeare hath arisen upon a distressed Land: the Dayes and the Weekes thereof are yet in the Hand of the *Almightie*: and who shall live or who shall die we know not. Apart from the publick Distractions and Unhappinesse, precious Blessings and abundant Mercies fill our House with rejoicing and thanksgiving: not onely
Life

Lady Willoughby.

I 53

Life but Limbs spared to him who
had to go forth into Battle and dan-
ger, and Nurserie prospering. Me-
thought as yesterday I fate by a bright
Fire-side, my three little *Daughters*
playing round mee, and the deare
Father, though absent, in health and
present safetie, few were so blest,
suddenly their play ceased, and *Di*
& *Fanny* were no where to be seene,
Bess on my Knee: when hidden in
the deep Bay Window, they sung to
my eare very sweetly the Carols they
had learned from the Neighbours
Children: they staid up to Supper,
and kept up a fine Prattle.

1643-4.

Walked downe to *Wing fields*: the
poore Mother is in a pitiable state,
her Son's lingering Death has worne
her away, & she doth long to lay her
head beside him in the Grave. Strove
to comfort her, but beleeve she took
more

January 27,
Saturday.

1644

more in seeing mee share her Sorrow than in any Words I could say. Went on to see the Soldier who had his arme broken, beside other injuries; he was greatly better, and able to walke a little: he sate cleaning his Carbine & Sword, & the Teares ran downe his Wife's pale Cheeke as he talked of againe joining the Army, so soone as he could beare the Fatigue: poore Creatures. The *King* hath summoned a Parliament at *Oxford*: it is reported many have left the one sitting at *Westminster*.

May 31,
Friday.

The *King* has beene forced to leave *Oxford*, and is gone to *Worcester*. The Earle of *Manchester* and his General *Cromwell* are in the North. This *Oliver Cromwell* riseth more & more into note.

As we sate downe to dine to-day
some

1644.

some Horsemen were seene to approach, and Sir *Harry Vane* came into the Hall: he was on his way to *Fairlawn*: and in much kindnesse rode so farre out of his way to bring mee good Tidings of him nearest to my Heart, and of the growing Successse of the People's Friends: He is hurrying on to rejoyne the Army at *Yorke*, where are the Earle, General *Fairfax*, and Colonel *Cromwell*; a large body of *Scotch* Troopes under their old Commander *Leslie* have joined them. So soone as he was gone, retired to my Closet disturbed in Minde and Conscience: in Conscience, that I had beene ledde away by Sir *Harry's* vehement and powerfull Minde to catch something of the same Spirit whilst listening to particulars of this terrible Warfare, wherein seemeth to mee now a want of womanly Tendernesse and Pity,
and

1644.

and forely distracted is my poore Minde by conflicting feelings of Wife and Mother: our Duties separate us in these fearefull Times: hitherto I have remained calmly at my post, but how can I longer abide so farre from one exposed to suffering and Death, who is dearer than my owne Life: yet have I beene supported through times of like Anxiety in a good degree of Quietnesse & Patience: let mee pray for renewed Strength and Faith.

June 18,
Tuesday.

The *Queene* hath given birth to a Daughter at *Exeter*, on the 16th.

July 6,
Saturday.

The *Chaplain* returned Thankes at morning Prayers for the Victory gained by our Army: he hath received Intelligence, it seemeth, by a sure hand, that a great Battle hath beene fought at a place called *Marston Moor*, a few miles from *Yorke*.

Some

Some further Particulars have reached us: Prince *Rupert* has bene wholly defeated, a vaste number of Prifoners taken, as also Armes of divers forts, Pouder-barrels, the Colours and Standards, and more than 20 Pieces of Ordnance. The losse on our part small: alas, alas, all are *Englishmen*, & Children of one common *Father*. Sir *Thomas Fairfax* his Men have received great Hurt, and himselfe well nigh lost his Life: his Brother *Charles* hath since dyed of his Wounds and lies buried there.

I have no Letter, but a Message by word of mouth, that sets my Heart at rest: Thanks be unto *God*.

The Earle of *Newcastle* hath left the Kingdome, and so it is reported hath Sir *Marmaduke Langdale* and others. Our Army has taken possession of *Yorke*.

It

1644.
July 11,
Thursday.

1644.

Oct. 22,
Tuesday.

It hath beene very cold of late; sharp Frost in the Nights, the Oak Leaves wither and fade and come fluttering downe with every little Blast: and the Swallows are gone away, after collecting in Flocks on the Roofe of the House, during the past Weeke.

Nov. 18,
Monday.

The Archbishop of *Canterbury* hath againe beene brought before the barre of the *House*.

Nov. 19,
Tuesday.

Great Feare and Amazement in the Countrey round at the sight of three Sunnes in the firmament, and a Rainebow with the Bend towards the Earth: & this happening on the *King's* Birth-day, many did thinke it portended Evill to him, and it was remembered that a remarkable Starre was seene to shine at noone-day, the
Day

Day whereon the Prince of *Wales* was borne : some wept and trembled, and divers both men and women did kneele downe in the roads & fields. That which did most affect my Minde was beholding the Bow, that had beene fet in the Clowde as a Token of the everlasting Covenant, now appearing as it were overthrown. I had withdrawne to my Closet, when *Alice* did fend to speake with mee in the Still-room : She had beene out to looke at the wondrous Sight, and was greatly perturbed : I did remaine with her till she was somewhat comforted.

Letter from *London* : Mr. *Cromwell* hath made a strong Speech in the *House*, and a Mr. *Zouch Tate* hath moved the bringing in of an Ordinance to exclude all Members of *Parliament*, whether of the House
of

1644.

1644.

of *Lords* or *Commons*, from Command & Offices in the Army; he was seconded by Sir *Harry Vane*, and the Motion carried. A Petition from the Citizens of *London* hath been presented, thanking the *House* for their Care over the Commonwealth. Opposition by *Whitelock* and others, who spoke against the Motion as a perilous and uncalled for novelty.

The Bill which they call the Self-denying Ordinance has past: In my Ignorance I know not what is like to be the Effect of this new Act: they say the Removal of *Essex* is chiefly aimed at.

Dec. 11,
Wednesday.

Diffensions arise in our owne Party: fresh Discussion on the Self-denying Ordinance Bill, which has at length passed the *Commons*; but when sent
up

<i>Lady Willoughby.</i>	161
<p>up to the <i>Lords</i> was rejected. The <i>Commons</i> have named Sir <i>Thomas Fairfax</i> as General in chief in place of the Earle, and other 'Alterations in the Army have beene made, & partly agreed to by the <i>Lords</i>.</p> <hr/> <p>A Letter</p>	1644.



1644-5.

1644-5.

January 6,
Monday.

Letter from my deare *Lord*:
he writes with melancholy
Heart, no Effort could save
his former Friend, poore Sir *John*
Hotham has beene put to death: his
Son was executed the day before.
Sir *John* had few Friends, he had a
cold harsh manner: the *Lords* had
past a Vote for his Reprieve, which
being known, he did fully expect
one to the last moment: but the
Commons would not give way, the
Execution proceeded.

January 14,
Tuesday.

The *Chaplain* is return'd: another
of these dreadfull Executions: the
Archbishop

Archbishop was beheaded on the 10th, poore old Man, he hath suffered even in this world a large measure of retribution for his past Cruelties : at the end of his Speech, when upon the Scaffold, he said he forgave all the World, all and every of his bitter Enemies ; that no man could be more willing to send him out of the World than he was to go out. Some over-zealous *Presbyterian* did presse him with Questions : he replied the Knowledge of *Jesus Christ* was alone the meanes of Salvation. To the Headsman he gave some Money, and said, *Do thine office in Mercy.* As he knelt downe, he turned pale, thereby proving it false what some were whispering about, that he had painted his face, that he might not looke afraid. It is thought that he was brought to Death chiefly by meanes of the *Scots* Party, in their vehement
and

1644-5.

and unchristian Revenge for the Part he had taken to force upon them the *Liturgy*, and to remove him out of their way.

The *Scots* Commissioners have obtained the setting aside of the abhorred *Liturgy*: but *Parliament* refuses to give them any legislative or judicall Authority: so the *Chap-laine* doth informe mee.

January 30,
Wednesday.

Sir *Harry Vane* is appointed one of the *Parliament's* Commissioners to meete those of the *King* at a town called *Uxbridge*. What Mercy would it be, if a peacefull Settlement could now be entered into, of the *Coun-trey's* Grievances and the *King's* Claims: and this would seeme not unpossible, if the *King's* Word could be depended upon. It is thought he might be brought to yeeld some Points but for the Influence of the
Queene,

Queene, which is never for good. She it was who added the Postscript to the *King's* Letter on *Strafford's* businesse, *That if he must die, it were charity to reprieve him till Saturday.*

1644-5.

This being my *Diana's* Birth-day, I did my endeavour to contrive for her some Amusement more than ordinary : tooke her first to my Closet, and after halfe an houre spent there in, I hope, a profitable manner, we joined the other Children. She is now eight yeares of age, mends of her little Faults, and hath gained a greater degree of command over her Temper: she is Truthfull, and sheweth a tender Conscience, active and industrious, and withall can enjoy a Game of Play right well. She bids fair to be comely in Countenance and of gracefull Carriage: a Satisfaction to mee, as doubtlesse it will be to herselfe. I professe not to be
indifferent

1644-5.

indifferent on this Point for my Daughters, as some are or pretend to be : neither do I think beauty any peculiar Snare to the possessor of it, but rather contrariwise, unlesse the Minde be neglected, or is by nature vaine & selfish beyond the ordinary degree in which these Defects are shared by most : and even then such Passions are no worse than in the ill-favoured, though mayhap more conspicuous by the contrast. The three *Girls* and some young Companions made very merry.

Feb. 26,
Tuesday.

My deare *Lord* arrived most unexpectedly : he saith there is no hope of Peace. After three weekes Negotiations the *Parliament*, have recalled their Commissioners. He looketh worne, & would faine leave all these Distractions, & doth sometimes talke of going out to *Barbadoes* :

Lady Willoughby.

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does : Jealousies and Bickerings increafe; and he with some others, fickened with Warre and Intrigue, are readie to make allmoſt any Terms with the *King*. Would that our good and excellent Friend *Hampden* had beene ſpared : truſted by all, & wiſe as brave, we ſhould have had a head to our Party, fit to governe, and one whom all would follow. Sir *Harry Vane* in cloſe Intimacy with *Cromwell* : he and *Fairfax* keep up the Energy and determined Spirit of the Parliamentary Partie. How ſmall a matter it ſeemeth would ſet all right.

1645.

During the time my deare *Husband* could remaine, found not time for writing.

A long time hath elapſed ſince I held the penne : the illneſſe of my three Girls hath occupied mee night and

April 9,
Wednesday.

1645.

and day. *Fanny* began with the Measles, and had a dangerous time of it, through the Fever which ranne high, and Symptomes of Inflammation of the Lungen: and for many nights I did never undresse: *Di* followed, but thro' Mercy had the Complaint lightly: and deare *Bess*, tho' sadly troubled by the Irritation, had but little Cough. This Season of Care and bodily Fatigue, and at one time of Alarm, hath not beene without its Use and Comfort: Troubles that arise in the naturall Course of *Providence*, and are adapted to our Nature and Situation, bring with them somewhat of Peace, and oft of Thankfulnesse. We receive Paine and Sicknesse as from the Hand of *God*, and looke to him to helpe us under them: and my Minde having thus beene called off from the Contemplation of the distressefull State of
this

1645.

this poore unhappy Countrey, is renewed in Strength. Many sweet little Sayings of the Children at different times of their Sicknesse have given mee great Encouragement respecting them: can there be ought so precious to a Mother as a sure Hope that the Spirit of her Child hath tasted of the Fountaine of living Waters? May the *Lord* helpe mee to cherish these faire Blossoms of Piety & Goodnesse: and grant that they may bring forth, some thirty, some fixty fold. And, oh *God*, thou who hast made mee, unworthy as I am, to be the Instrument of thy good Providence towards these little ones, make mee daily more sensible of my owne Sinfullnesse, my owne Weakenesse and assist mee in the Worke thou hast given mee to do. *According unto the Multitude of thy tender Mercies blot out my Transgressions:*
wash

1645.

wash mee thoroughly from mine Iniquity, and cleanse mee from my sinne. Create in mee a cleane Heart, O God, and renew a right Spirit within mee. Thou hast crowned mee with Loving-kindnesse and tender mercies: blesse the Lord, O my Soul.

May.

Cambden House near Evesham, Sir Baptist Noel's, has beene burnt downe to prevent the Parliament making it a Garrison. It was built not many yeares ago at a great Cost and was a noble Building.

June 21,
Saturday.

The day so milde the Children went out, and did greatly enjoy the fresh aire, and rambling about the Fields: seated on the Bank by the Pond, they wove Caps and Baskets of Rushes. *Fanny's* dainty Hands and slim Fingers looking barely strong enough for the worke: whilst we
were

were all at worke, we saw Dr. *Sampson* coming across the Field : whereupon I left them, to hear what newes he might bring. At their tender age, I like not their hearing of Fighting and Crueltie more than can be helped. I have heard little of publick Affaires since the Battle at *Naseby*, whereat our Army was victorious, & Colonel *Cromwell's* part much noised abroad. Dr. *Sampson* says the *King's* Cause hath suffered more by the Letters found in his Cabinet, the same being now made publick, than by his Defeate : many of his Friends greatly grieved thereby : his Double-dealing and Arrogance herein proved, during his Treaty with the *Parliament* at *Uxbridge*, as likewise in the *Irish* Affaire. He has now left *Ragland Castle*, it is supposed making towards the North. Prince *Rupert* delivering up the City of *Bristol* in foure Dayes,
after

1645.

1645.

after that he had boasted he could keepe it foure Months, hath greatly incensed the *King* against him. Whilst at *Ragland* the *King* did give into Hunting and other Sports, and this the while his people were suffering, and many giving up their Property and Time in his Cause, his very Crowne too in peril.

June 25,
Wednesday.

Reading in the *Arcadia* the Prayer of *Pamela*: so well pleased therewith that I know not that I can spend my Time more profitably this morning than in copying the same, that I may have it nigh at hand.

O all-seeing Light, and eternal Life of all things: to whom nothing is either so great that it may resist, or so small that it is contemned: looke upon my Misery with thine Eye of Mercy, and let thine infinite Power vouchsafe to
limit

limit out some portion of Deliverance unto mee, as to thee shall seeme most convenient. Let not Injury, O *Lord*, triumph over mee, and let my Faults by thy Hand be corrected, and make not mine unjust Enemy the Minister of thy Justice. But yet, my *God*, if in thy Wisdom this bee the aptest Chastisement for my inexcusable Folly, if this low Bondage bee fittest for my over-high Desires, if the Pride of my not enough humble Heart bee thus to bee broken, O *Lord*, I yield unto thy will and joyfully embrace what Sorrow thou wilt have mee suffer. Onely thus much let me crave of thee (let my craving, O *Lord*, bee accepted of thee, since even that proceeds from thee), let mee crave even by the noblest Title, which in my greatest Affliction I may
give

1645.

give myselfe, that I am thy Creature, and by thy Goodnesse (which is thyselfe) that thou wilt suffer some beame of thy Majestie so to shine into my Minde that it may still depend confidently on thee. Let Calamitie bee the exercise, but not the overthrow of my Virtue : let this Power prevail, but prevail not to their destruction : let my Greatnesse be their Prey : let my pain bee the Sweetnesse of their Revenge : let them, if so it seemeth good unto thee, vex me with more and more Punishment. But, O *Lord*, let never their Wickednesse have such a Hand, but that I may carry a pure Minde in a pure Body.

Oct. 20,
Monday.

My *Lord* telleth mee he met with Colonel *Hammond*, who was at the taking of *Basing-house*, and made Prisoner

soner there : he and another Officer were taken, before the House was attacked, by a Party stealing out therefrom on a foggy night. Lieutenant General *Cromwell* wrote a Letter acquainting the Governour that if any violence were offered these Men, the best in the House should not expect Quarter. The Countesse of *Winchester's* Gentlewoman and Waiting-woman were killed by a cannon shot. Sir *Marmaduke Rawdon* declared to the Marquesse who proposed to surrender, he would not, so long as a dog, or a cat or rat did remaine : yet it would seeme there was not much Danger of such Extremity, there being found in the Castle vast store of Wheat, and 300 Fitches of Bacon, and forty thousand pounds weight of Cheese, besides Beef. They took off the Lead from the Turrets, to use for Bullets :
and

1645.

and the Marchionesse with her Ladies did helpe to cast them. There were within the Castle 600 common Soldiers, most whereof Papists, and fought desperately. *Inigo Jones*, the great Builder, is one of the Prisoners. So likewise was *Winceslaus Hollar* who did make his escape. He is one well skilled in the Arte of engraving on Copper. My Lord *Arundell* did once show mee some small Figures by him, of Women of divers Condition and mode of Apparell, accurately designed from the Life, Merchants' Wives, Country-Women, and the like. *Hollar* had Losse of his Patron when the *Earle*, who brought him to *England*, accompanied the *Queene Mother* and did remaine in Foreign Parts; the *King* having look'd coldly on him since the Affaire of *Strafford* he did not incline to returne. Also it is sayd his *Majestie* was offended by his boldnesse

boldnesse of Speech on some occasion, maintaining his own Right, albeit opposed to the *King's* Wishes. Colonel *Hammond* sayth, the Marquesse, on some Quarrel with Sir *Marmaduke*, he being of the *English* Church, and the Marquesse a Roman Catholick, became suspicious of him being the Governour, and had him removed: and shortly thereafter the House was taken, the Storme not lasting more than an houre. The Silver plate, Cabinets, Jewells, and other Treasure did afford rich Plunder: the House is burned down to the Ground.

1645.

Greatly surprised to read in the *Perfect Diurnall*, that the House has moved that the Lord *Willoughby* be made an Earle, and the same of other Lords, and that the Earles of *Essex*, *Pembroke*, &c. be made Dukes: in
all

1645.

all likelihood the matter will end here. They whose Titles are of long Descent, methinks, would not consider newe ranke, given under the circumstances, as any addition to their Dignitie. We heare an *English* Barony is to bee conferr'd on Lieutenant General *Cromwell*, with an Estate of 2500 Pound yearly.

A Neighbour of the blind Widow came up at Noone to say the poore infirme Creature did appeare neare her last Houre: went straightway to her Cottage, she was still sensible, and did expresse great Satisfaction at my coming: sate some time by her Bed-side, she spoke of her Sonne, whom she yet beleeves living, and strong were her Supplications that Divine Mercy might be extended to him, that he might turne from the Evill of his Wayes, even at the
Eleventh

Eleventh Houre : My poore prodigal Sonne, thus she spake, hath he in that distant Land, away from his poore old Mother, call'd to Minde her Words, her Prayers, and return'd to his Heavenly Father, saying, *I have sinned in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy Sonne.* If the Lord in his Mercy would give mee this hope, then would his unworthy Servant depart in peace. She seemed comforted : and repeated at intervals, *With God all things are possible.* I left her, in her awful Passage from Life unto Death, a passage to her deprived of Terrour, for her Faith forsooke her not, but rather burned brighter and brighter, even to the End : she did not live through the night. Her Gainie is my Losse : though poore and meane, I have failed not to find in her Company Edification and ofttimes Comfort.

The

1645.

The *King* hath fled by night from *Newark* to *Oxford*: the two *Houses* have againe resolved to submit to him certaine Propositions.

My *Lord* hath heard that the young Earle of *Carlisle* hath establish'd his Claime to the *Barbadoes* Property, and is inclin'd to enter into Negotiation concerning the same. Present Perill in fighting or strife, or Perill of the deepe waters and pestilence, whichsoever way I turne Trouble on every side.

An Order hath pass'd that the Summe of 3300 pounds be paid to the Lord *Willoughby*, which I am sure the sayd Lord much needeth.

Having beene told that *Peggy Lydgate* was in trouble, I sett forth early
as

as it was farre to walke. Tooke with mee the young Greyhound. Rested awhile at the Bridge, saw many Fish, and a Water hen with her young ones paddling about at the Water's edge by the tall Reeds. The King-fishers did use to frequent here-about, but they came not in sight to-day: feare mee they have beene killed or frighted away; the People deem it lucky to possesse them, and hang them up in their Houses. Further downe where the streame narrows stayed againe to hearken to the pleasant Sound made by the Water running with little splashes amid the stones, and keeping up a chearfull rippling noise as it went on its way through the Meadow below. The Doore of the Cottage was open, *Peggy* was seated on a low stool, her Face covered with her Apron, the 2 Lads standing by her. The poore Creature

1645.

1645.

Creature hath cause enow for trouble, both her Sons would be Souldiers, the elder in the *King's* Army, whilst the younger would join the Parliament Forces, some of his Kinsfolk having a yeare agoe followed Mr. *Oliver Cromwell*; so in all likelihood would the Brothers meet in fight against each other. They did appeare moved by their Mother's griefe, the youngest methought shewed some tokens of yielding. I bade him follow mee good part of the way home and have hope that a few words I then spake would prove of some availment.

August 16,
Saturday.

Armstrong mett *Robert Lydgate*, he sayd his Mother tooke on so, hee had not the heart to leave her: his Brother was gone.

Oct. 23,
Thursday.

The Children greatly pleased with
a tame

Lady Willoughby.

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a tame Squirrell sent them by the old Man at the Mill. Three Turkeys and a Basket of Fish came up this day from *Martins'*.

1645.

Latham House in *Lancashire* is taken: the Lady *Derby* having defended it two yeares: the Earle in the *Isle of Man* by the *King's* command. For 9 Months together the besieged Party held Communication with their Friends by meanes of a Dog, in this way: they tied a Letter round his Throat, and he went to where he did use to live, 3 miles off: here he was kept, and when any Papers were to be sent, his Mistresse tyed them in like manner, and having kept him awhile a hunger'd, open'd the door and beat him out, when he set off and returned to his Master, who was in *Latham House*. He was at last shot by a Souldier, but
got

Dec. 9,
Tuesday.

1645.

got to the Mote-side near the Gate, and there died. The House is burnt: the rich silk Hangings of the Beds were torn to pieces, and made into Sashes. This history of the Dog was related to mee by one there present.

Dec. 18,
Thursday.

Great Disagreement in the *House*: the *Scotts* take the Side of the Presbyterians. There seemeth no Master-minde to give a steady Direction to the Power they have gained. General *Cromwell* & *Fairfax* are away from *London*, deeming it most prudent, as they hold out, to bring the rest of the Kingdome into subjection to the *Parliament*, before they besiege the *King* at *Oxford*. People remark that other Generals shut themselves up in Winter-quarters, but this *Cromwell* sets at Defiance the Cold of Winter, Stormes and Darknesse.

Last



1646.

1646.

April.



Aft weeke *Fairfax* & *Cromwell* reached *Newberry* a place within a short distance from *Oxford*, and where the Lord *Faulkland* was killed, whereupon the *King* fled from that City in disguise : surely brought to this extremity he would yeeld to his *Parliament*, and keepe to his Engagements. He hath made a Treaty with the *Scots*, through his Agent *Montreuil*. I do heartily wish they may convey him in safety to *Scotland*, and thence beyond Seas, there to abide for a time, till the heate of Men's Spirits against him passe away, and haply then Affaires might
be

1646.

be settled for his returne to his Kingdome. The Prince of *Wales* is sayd to have escaped. My deare *Husband* is wearie of the Confusion, and apprehendeth an Army may in the ende be more tyrannical and a worse Enemy to contend with than a King.

June.

It is sayd the poore defeated *King* *flits like a hunted Partridge* from one Garrison to another; the last Report was of his being at *Newark*. The Princes *Rupert* and *Maurice* have demanded Passeports of *Parliament* to go beyond seas. The *Commons* readily complied, with Thankfulnesse to get rid of one who hath shed so much *English* Blood. Prince *Rupert* hath latterly shewne great Disrespect & contemptuous Manner to the *King*.

July 20.

On the 15th Parliament sent Deputies

Lady Willoughby.

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puties to the *King* at *Newcastle*, with an Address containing Propositions expressing their wish for Peace.

1646.

Sitting yesterday toward evening at the Bay-window, in great Abstraction of Minde, oppressed by a sence of my lonely Condition, I did weepe unrestrainedly, knowing not that I was perceived by any, until a little Hand was put into mine, and *Lizzy's* face was rayfed up to kisse mee. Sorrowfull Thoughts could not be at once set aside, and I did not speake to her for a time, for my Heart was heavy. She sate quietly downe at my Feet with a gentle loving looke and so remained. The Raine had ceased and the Sunne shon in through the side casement. The Light as it fell upon her golden Haire made her seeme like to the holy Children in the *Italian* Pictures.

August 19,
Wednesday.

Of

1646.

Of such, methought, are the Kingdom of Heaven: thus looketh, and haply is even now nigh unto mee, separated only by this veil of Flesh, the Spirit of my precious Child; as the Flower of the Field so he perished, & my Heart yet yearneth after him, my First-borne. Arose and tooke *Lizzy* in my armes and held Her up to the Window. A few pale flowers of the Musk Rose smelled sweetly after the Raine. *Di* and *Fanny* were running on the Terrace: wee went out to them, and they were as merrie as Birds: and I did put from me my own Griefe. Very gracious is the *Lord* unto me, and in him will I trust.

Had occasion to looke for some Papers wanted by the Steward, having relation to the Estates in Lincolnshire, which I thought to find in the Cabinet, presented to mee by my

Lady Willoughby.

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my honoured *Father* on my Marriage. Found them not therein, opened a little Drawer which did containe a Box made of the wood called Sandal of a sweet Perfume, a small piece of Amber, and a Signet Ring of wrought Gold curiously graven, which if I misremember not Sir *Henry Wotton* did bring from *Italy*. In another Drawer was a sprig of Rosemarie, how much hath come to passe since the day whereon I tooke it with mee in sadnesse from the desolate room where my deare *Mother* departed this life! she went to a timely Rest.

1646.

Newes hath arrived that *Fairfax* has taken *Ragland Castle* in *Wales*. The old Marquesse held out bravely more than ten dayes, but at length surrender'd: as many as eight hundred People and Souldiers march'd forth

August.

1646.

forth the Castle, which I have
say is a noble Building. The
queste was accompanied by his
Lord *Charles*, the Countesse of
morgan, & Lady *Jones*. How
a change for this venerable N
man, who but a short time sinc
entertaine with princely Ma
cence and Loyaltie his Sover
and now both *King* and Subject
Wanderers. Beside losing his
tle, he is like enough to lose
fummes of Money which he
lent the *King* : high & low, M
is over all the Land.

Sept. 16.

The Earle of *Essex* died on
14th.



1646-7.

1646-7.



He *Scots* having received the Summe of 200,000 pound, have march'd out of *Newcastle*, leaving the *King* to the Commissioners of *Parliament*, the Earles of *Pembroke & Denbigh*, and the Lord *Montague*, and the Commissioners of the House of Commons. It tooke 36 Carts to carry the bags of Money to *Yorke*, and some say it did take nine or ten dayes to count the same.

January 28,
Wednesday.

The poore *King*, a Prisoner in his owne Kingdome, is now established at *Holmby House*, and hath expressed

Feb. 19,
Friday.

1646-7.

expressed his Satisfaction with his Treatment there and Accommodation, with one Exception, that he hath no Chaplaine, the which he petitioneth for, but it is not thought safe or expedient, & they who have taken the ordering of this Businesse have sent him Chaplaines of their owne Persuasion, but the *King* will not listen to them, neither will he permitt them to say Grace at his Table: Men say he beareth his Misfortunes, which truly are many, with Dignity and Chearfullnesse.

March 10,
Friday.

My deare *Husband* hath much Turmoile in the House. The Earle of *Warwick* doth aime to get the three Earles, *Bedford*, *Hollande*, and *Clare* admitted: the which others would if possible prevent, and they talke of getting the *Commons* to bring in an impeachment of the Lord of
Hollande,

Lady Willoughby.

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Hollande, on some Affaire which my *Husband* calleth the Forreft-busineffe, of which I know not: beside this he went over to the other Party, notwithstanding that he had taken the Oath.

1647.

The Lord *Lisle* hath beene removed from the Government of *Ireland*: and likewise his Brother *Algernon Sydney* from *Dublin*, the latter on the Motion of old Sir *Henry Vane*. This sudden removal of his Sonnes will no doubt be displeasing to the Earle of *Leicester*, though he keepeth himselfe in much privacy at *Penshurst*, and meddleth not in publick Busineffe.

May 12,
Wednesday.

Yester night did receive a Letter from my Sister *Albinia*, wherein she doth expresse much tender Solicitude and Affection. Let mee be duly
thankfull

May 14,
Friday.

1647.

thankfull for the Love of so many deare Friends. Children through mercie keepe well. Have observed with satisfaction that *Fanny* hath of late shewn more Denial of Selfe. This day I did note an instance, though in a small matter. *Alice* had made two shapely Pincushions of watchet coloured Brocade, & as is too much her wont did give *Fanny* the one of most curious Device & Workmanship, who quickly perceiving some Dissappointment to be felt by her Sister, with winning manner did prevaile upon her to exchange Gifts. I did refraine from bestowing Commendation, believing it to be our Duty to leave undisturbed by humane Praise, the appointed connexion of inward Peace with the performance of Duty. By the contrarie practice we encourage the growth of that, which hereafter we strive to up-root,

Lady Willoughby.

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up-root, the seeking the Praise of Men rather than the Praise of *God*.

1647.

On Saturday the 5th the *Commons* fate long, and because of the greatness of their *Businesse*s they resolved to fit even the next day (Sunday). They did desire the *Peers* to do so likewise, which they, expecting some great Matter, agreed to do. Mr. *Algernon Sidney* did tell my *Husband* that when the *Commons* met, Mr. *Marshall* their famous Minister did pray for and with them, and that when he ended his Prayer, the *Commons* desired him to make a repetition of his Sermon which he had preach'd that day at *Westminster*. The same being over, the *Commons* rose without doing any thing, and without sending so much as a word to the *Lords*.

June 10,
Thursday.

Much

1647.

June 24,

Thursday.

Much Discontent rising up : the *Presbyterian* Party have proclaim'd the establishment of their Form of Worship to the exclusion of every other. My *Lord* becometh more & more dissatisfied with the Spirit of Bigotry which has of late gathered such Strength, and the Self-exaltation, as exclusive as that of Popery, which they do condemn in others. This is most contrary to my deare *Husband's* naturall disposition and former Principles. It is propos'd to reduce the Army, and some Troops have been disbanded.

June 25,

Friday.

The Army is greatly incensed, and hath broke up its Quarters at *Nottingham*, and march'd, People say, upon *London*. Alas, must more blood be shed ? What will become of this unhappy Countrey : no King, no Rulers, and a large victorious Army

Lady Willoughby.

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Army set in opposition to the now feeble power of a misguided and fanatic House of *Commons*. And woe is me, the Husband whom I love & honour, so mixed up with them that he must abide by their acts, and share in them.

1647.

The Earle of *Northumberland* hath had permission to take the *King's* Children to see their Father: coming to *Caversham*, we are told a great number of People flocked thither to see them, & strewed the Way with greene branches and herbes. Poore Children, their pitifull Condition moveth many hearts, & no marvell; many will in secret rejoyce that this drop of comfort is permitted to the unhappy *King*.

The monthly Fast: met with the Remark following, which seemeth much to the purpose: *Let thy religious*

June 28,
Monday.

1647.

gious Fast be a voluntary Abstinence, not so much from Flesh as fleshly Thoughts. He fasts truly that abstains sadly, grieves really, gives cheerefully, and forgives charitably.

*Alice becometh daily more infirme, and is but little able to take any oversight: think to place my own Waiting-woman more in charge, after she hath given some Instructions to *Patience*, who is apt at her needle, & will suit me well-enough.*

As I came up from the Dairie met the Children full of Sorrow that a poore Partridge had beene killed by a Scythe, whilst sitting on her Nest: the Egges are put under a Hen, and the Men think will be hatch'd in a few dayes.

August 3,
Tuesday.

Voted in the House that the Army should not come within 40 Miles of London.

The

Lady Willoughby.

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The Army, they say, hath made *St. Alban's* their Head-quarters, & have sent up to accuse *Hollis, Stapleton, Maynard*, and others.

1647.

Great Tumults in *London*. The Speakers of both *Houses* and great part of the Members have put themselves under the Protection of the Army. Sorely perplex'd, & know not what is the meaning of these disturbances, or what may befall my *Husband*: the Children, too young for care, are as happy as May-queenes.

One Day cometh, and then another, and yet no Tidings: this is hard to endure, ignorant what may betide us in these evill Times.

Aug. 12,
Thursday.

Late to-night my dearest Life rode hastily up: he was safe for the present moment, & my first Feeling was
of

Aug. 14,
Saturday.

1647.

of unmix'd Thankfullnesse to Him who permitted us to meete once more. After he had rested awhile, he entered into some Relation of the late Events in the *House*. He and many others have believed that the Power of the Army endangered the libertie of the Countrey, and the Common Council of *London*, united with them, and met, and sent a Letter to the Generall declaring their wish for Peace, and entreating that the Army might not advance, nor intermeddle with the Rights and Privileges of the *City*. The Trainbands were ordered out. Some Members met in either *House*, but the Speakers came not: and to my *Lord's* Amazement he was chosen Speaker, *pro tempore*, and Mr. *Pelham* of the *Commons*. They proceeded to appoint a Committee of Safety: and the *City* issued a Proclamation

mation to the effect that they desired a happy and speedy Peace, by the Settlement of true Religion, & the re-establishing his *Majesty* in his just Rights and Authority. But the Proceedings of the *House* were marked by uncertainty and trepidation, & the day following, *Fairfax* came up to *Westminster* attended by *Cromwell* and regiments of Horse and Foot. The Generall on horse-back with his Life-guard, then the Speakers and Members of the *Lords* and *Commons* in coaches, and another regiment of Horse brought up the rear. Mr. *Whitelock* writes, the Officers and Gentlemen, and every Soldier had a branch of lawrel in his hat. The Generall received the Thankes of both *Houses*, and was made Lieutenant of the Tower: & thus the Army asserted its Supremacy.

For a time the consideration of
our

1647.

1647.

our private Affaires was set aside the momentous concerns of this distracted Kingdome. Who will stand with a strong minde & pure Heart to bring these struggles for Freedom and these conflicting Opinions to a happy issue? There is one my *Land* says who lackes not the power to become Leader, or peradventure the power: but none have penetrated his heart, or know if he may be trusted. I did once behold *Cromwell*, who maketh so many quagmires before him, but methought his *Land* was hard and cunning, and I liked him not. And the *King*, dear *Husband*, I asked, is he safe, will he depart the Countrey? No I knoweth, he reply'd: he will be permitted to leave the Countrey if Guards and strong Castles prevent. He is safe, so far as concerns his Life: he may be depriv-

of Power or even of his Crowne, but on no Plea can they take his Life: and yet who shall say where they will stop? I would lay downe my Life to know him to be safe: we have fought and striven, and have set a Stone rolling that haply will crush all that come in its way, Laws, *Parliament*, or even the *King* himselfe. My *Husband* leant downe his Head on the table, and hid his Face on his arme, and so remained overwhelmed by the prospect of Misery before us. I ventured not to speake: it is an awfull thing to behold the Spirit of a strong Man shaken, and to hear Sobbes burst forth from his over burthened Heart. At length such violent Shivering seized him that I summoned *Armstrong*. We endeavoured to perswade him to drinke a little Wine, he tooke some, but begged for Water, his mouth was so parch'd:

1647.

parch'd: after some time he v
to bed, and desired that *Armst.*
might sit up by him during the
part of the night, his owne M
having had poore rest of late:
feared to affright mee by his une
fleepe. I layd mee downe in
Nurserie, rising oft to see if he sl
toward 3 of the clock he was n
quiet: and at 4 I sent *Armstrong*
bed, & tooke his place by my p
Husband. I look'd on his alte
Countenance, sunk & pale, the f
Brow wrinkled, and his long b
Haire now gray and disorder'd
slight quivering of his Lippes
unequall Breathing betoken'd
uneasy rest: my Eyes grew blin
with Teares, and I bent downe
hid my face on the Pillow beside
And here to my surprize found I
dropt asleepe: he seeming likely
remain quiet, I arose softly
step

stepp'd into my Clofet, and there, alone, endeavour'd to compose my Thoughts: had he not been preserv'd in many Battles and dangers, and should I now give up Faith in the good Providence of *God*, beleev'ing heartily that we are safer in his Hands than if we could take the ordering of our Fate into our owne? I would faine have my deare Life depart hence with speed, but untill he knoweth what Course the *Parliament* will hold towards him, and those with whom he hath acted, he is unwilling to leave the Kingdome: he hath Enemys in the House of *Commons*, but likewise good Friends, & he doubteth not receiving timely Notice of any measure to his Hurt. It would ill beseem his Wife to counsel flight, nor would .I, how great soever my Feares, if he could doe ought for his *King* or Countrey
by

1647.

1647.

by remaining: but this Subjugation of the *Parliament* by the Armie, will bring the Countrey under the fierce and uncertaine Rule of the Souldiers and their Commanders, and there is no Party to withstand them. I strive to put from mee the dreadfull Vision of the Scaffold and the Block, which hath often visited mee in the night-watches when such danger existed not, but now may well fill my Soule with Terrour. I will beseech him to passe over to *Holland*, he sayeth the worst will be Imprisonment in the Tower: but how many are led therefrom onely to their Death.

Sept. 11,
Saturday.

Word brought by a sure Hand that it is order'd by the House of *Peeres*, that the Lords impeach'd by the *Commons* be brought up to answer to the Impeachment. Friends of my *Husband* advise him to keepe out of the

the way untill the present Heate & storme be a little past over: this Counsell but ill receiv'd by him, and he is bent upon appearing.

1647.

The *King* hath escaped from *Hampton Court*: the Report is, that he having retired to be private, as hath been his custome a short space before evening Prayers, and staying somewhat longer than usuall, it was taken notice of, and not yet coming forth, suddenly there were Feares of the cause hereof, which were encreas'd by the crying of a Dog within, he had latterly kept constantly with him a favourite Greyhound, often saying he did prefer them to Spaniels, upon Search being made, it was found the *King* had departed by a back Doore which ledde to the Garden. I do heartily hope he may get away: methinks he will then stand in a more honourable

Nov. 13,
Saturday.

1647.

honourable position to make T
with his *Parliament* than whe
up as a Prisoner : and the F
finding themselves without a
perchance may wish for him ba
is currently believ'd that some O
of the Armie did secretly com
cate with the *King*, and had In
tions from Generall *Cromwell*
felfe and others, that if he
assent to their Proposals, which
lower than those of the *Parli*
the Armie would settle him
on the Throne : and it is thoug
was hereupon inclined in his
Judgement to enter into a T
with them, but was diswaded b
Bishops. Some are as hotly a
Cromwell as against the *King*.
some goe so farre as to say he v
danger of being sent to the T
had he not left *London* before
were prepared.

Made the needfull preparations for my Departure: my stay in *London* must of necessitie bee uncertaine: wearied by much Toyle and Care, but Dutyclear, is a Help through difficulties. The Morrow is a day of Rest, and will bee a season of Comfort and renewed Strength if used aright.

1647.

This being a day whereon the *Parliament* sate not, the Lord *Gray* and *Henry Willoughby*, a young Kinsman of my Husband's, tooke mee to see some Tapestry Hangings in the House of *Peeres*. A Portrait of Sir *Ambrose Willoughby* is work'd therein, who was Uncle to the late Lord, & Grandfather to *Henry*. They did perswade mee to be carried in a Sedan-chaire: I was well pleased to get out againe, being much discomfitted by the jolting. After some examination we discovered the Portraite,

Nov. 24,
Wednesday.

1647.

traite, on the border under the A
of the Lord High Admiral: i
oval shape, a Gorget of plate a
over his Doublet, and a picked
and Mustachoe, like to those
worne. He was in Command
Ship against the *Armada*. I
faine to aske whereabout my
Husband had heretofore fate
when the Thought arose, tha
next time he would enter that I
it would be as a prisoner to be tr
Men, many of whom were hi
ter Enemies, I could scarce rai
Voice: the Lord *Gray* susp
wherefore I look'd around so
fully, did kindly point out the I

Nov. 30,
Tuesday.

To-day my *Husband* occupied
selfe for my satisfaction in dra
up a Letter to the House of I
something to this effect: be
their Lordships would be plea

Lady Willoughby.

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order his Enlargement, seeing that he had beene committed without any particular Charge against him : that he had received counsell of his Friends that he is not fit for publick Employment, and was therefore resolv'd on Privacy : that he had allwayes beene faithfull to the *Parliament* : and desired their Lordships to make an honourable Constrution of his Wish for Retirement. After all our Toyle, I much feare he will not at present send his Remonstrance ; whensoever sett free he would without delay imbarke for *Holland*. He can no longer act with the *Parliament*, since they will make no Termes whatsoever with the *King*, and he is jealous that the Monarchy is in danger of being wholly lost, and all Rank destroyed.

1647.

Wente downe in a coach to the
Parliament-

Dec. 2,
Thursday.

1647.

Parliament-house, and fate th
the while *Henry Willoughby* di
to learne some Newes. After
ing more than an houre, the
Say came out and inform'd m
Message had beene sent to the
the *Commons* that morning pra
for further Time to be allowe
bringing up the Impeachment o
seven Lords, which was gra
Hereupon I went backe to the T
to tell my *Husband* of this fu
Delay: and it was agreed betw
us that it were well I should ret
to *Parham* forthwith: and as
treffe *Gage* did purpose to sett
early in the forenoone to mor
and would goe by *Hengrave*, &
offered to carry mee with her in
coach, it seemed too favourabl
opportunitie to be miss'd, altho
it would make my Departure
den. Left the *Tower* before 8,
S

Snow lying thick upon the Street, and with sorrowfull Heart made Preparation for setting forth home-wards. My deare *Husband* maketh light of his situation, and strives to cheere mee, and perswade mee to take Hope in the Exertions now making by a few faithfull Friends of Influence in the *House*, who promise they will doe him what Service they can to pacifie his Adversaries, who are the more sharply bent against him. The chearfull and composed Demeanour he did maintaine served for a time to lighten my Forebodings, and the moment of Parting came on a sudden, and I followed the Guard downe the Staires and under the Archway as in a Dreame: the Doore closed after mee: had I in truth left him, my dearest Life, in that dark Prison-house there alone to await his Sentence? I knowe not
how

1647.

how I reach'd my Lodging, some kind Friend put mee into a coach & supported mee to my chamber.

Nature would have her way for a time, but the *Lord* suffered mee not to be wholly cast downe, and in spreading my Sorrows before Him, and committing my beloved *Husband* to His Keeping, who hath the power to save even to the uttermost, I was strengthened, and did endeavour to submit with patience to the present Triall, though it is indeed heavy and grievous to be borne. The night was cold, and my condition forlorne and comfortlesse, but I laid me downe on the bed in as much quietnesse of spirit as I well could, feeling that rest was needed to encounter the morrow's Journey from this weary Citie to returne to my poore Children. Reflection on the Encouragement given by divers kind
and

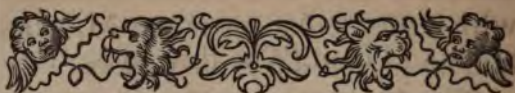
Lady Willoughby.

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and powerfull Friends was very helpfull, and I slept. The time of our Departure the next day was appoynted at an early houre.

1647.

No



1647-8.

Jan. 3,
Monday.

1647-8.



O Tydings from *London*.
Newes of great Disorder
and Tumult in *Canterbury*.

The Mayor endeavouring the execution of the Ordinance for abolishing Holy-days, he was much abused by the People on *Christmasse-day*, they beat him on the head, and dragg'd him up and downe. The like Violence hath beene practised at other Places, but none hereabout. Some fewe People came into the Parke, and collected around the old Thorn, which hath many times put forth a fewe Blossoms on *Christmasse-eve*, & which

which they looke upon as a Miracle, but no person did molest them.

1647-8.

The Children were abroad so soone as the Sunne rose, and brought in Ivy and branches of Holly, which they put about the *Hall* & their *Nurserie*, as their pleasure is. They set up a great Shout when there was seene a fine piece of Miffeltoe at the top of a Hamper containing Apples, timely sent by their Uncle from *Gloucestershire*. I could not beare to sadden their Pleasure by the trouble of my owne Heart, and they did spend a right merrie *Christmasse*. Their Uncle *William* and his Family staying with us.

It is well for mee the Children give mee full Occupation : they take well to their learning, and the *Chap-laine* faith *Fanny* maketh goode progresse in the Latine ; but I find her somewhat

Jan. 11,
Tuesday.

1647-8.

somewhat averſe to Needleworke, wherein her Siſter *Diana* is more expert, as alſo in ſome other Matters which in my judgement are like to be of more Service than a knowledge of Latine: though where Nature hath given a Capacitie for ſuch ſtudies, methinks we ſhould err in not providing Meanes of improving the ſame: and I doe already ſee in *Fanny* an encrease of Steadineſſe at her taſkes, and exactneſſe in the Performance of them.

Jan. 29,
Saturday.

Hear from Sir *Harry Vane* the charge againſt my *Huſband* paſſ'd the *Houſe* on the 27th, and was ordered to be ſent up to the Lords.

Feb. 20,
Monday.

Armſtrong returned yeſternight from *Aldborough*: no Veſſell, it is ſayd, will fail to *Holland* from that Place or *Yarmouth* for ſome time.

My

My deare Life, Thanks be unto
God, is safe, his Letter is writ from
the *Hague* : he hath seene the Prince
of *Wales*.

Deare Heart,

After a toylsome Passage we
landed at *Dort* : methought the
Voyage did too nearly picture my
troubled and uncertaine Life. I
am well in Health : the Packet
came safe to hand, and I was right
glad of the Pastie and Wheaten-
loaf, after having spent the night
on deck, the Victuals on board
being ill to eat. The Doublet
worked by my sweete Wife did
greatly add to my Comfort, as did
divers other Matters lovingly re-
membered by her for my use.
Heretofore, though often sepa-
rated, yet was I in the same Coun-
trie

1647-8.

March 6,
Monday.

A portion of
the letter ap-
parently al-
luded to by
Lady Wil-
loughby.
Editor.

1648.

trie that did containe my little Ones and her who is my Soule's Joy and Consolation, the truest Friend and Counsellor that ever Man had : now each wave carry'd me onward to a strange Land, & never did Absence appear so unsupportable. Kisse our deare Children for me. Bid *Armstrong* be carefull to omit nought that I left in his Charge ; he would doe well to see *Wingfield* concerning the gray Horse, which should be cared for : my Brother can ride *Berwick*.



1

11

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